
THE
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ARTICLE I.

The Roman History, from the Building of Rome to the Ruin of the Commonwealth. Illustrated with Maps and other Plates. Vol. III. By N. Hooke, Esq. 4to. Pr. 1l. 1s. Tonson.

THE publishers of this volume, in a short note prefixed, inform us that it was printed under the author's inspection, before his last illness; a piece of information very necessary to a reader, who might otherwise distrust the authenticity of many bold reflections which occur in the course of the work. It is hard to say whether, through the whole of this volume, Mr. Hooke has distinguished himself most as a candid critic or an able historian; but he has the peculiar felicity to write always as a gentleman, and where he differs from others he supports his opinion with good breeding, and strong authorities.

In his introduction to this volume, he seems to think that the real liberty of Rome was destroyed by the nobles, through their engrossing that weight of landed property which overturned the equilibrium of the state, by making the commons their dependents. In the course of this subject he has an early opportunity of differing with Dr. Middleton, the panegyrist, rather than the historian, of Cicero; and indeed we know of nothing that more strongly proves the force of prepossession in this country than the reception which Middleton's performance met with from the public. To subscribe to Middleton's life of Cicero, was not only subscribing away your money, but your common-sense. After princes, nobles, and literati of all degrees had given their opinions, before they had read a single line of the work, that it was the finest performance that ever appeared, it had been next

to phrenzy to have contradicted their report; and ineffable contempt was the reward of all who hesitated a doubt of its merit, or even praised it with coolness.

Mr. Hooke's duty as an historian led him to canvass the doctor's work, because the life of Cicero makes a capital figure in the brightest period of the Roman annals. It would be no hard matter to assign the true reasons for that ridiculous partiality with which the doctor's life of Cicero was favoured. One may suffice—No learned man ever imagined that the doctor was not master of his subject, that he had not even read all the works of his hero, and that he had culled the fairest flowers of Tully's rhetoric to compose a garland for the temples of a minister. Mr. Hooke's first chapter contains a very busy interval of ten years, from the year of Rome 632 to the beginning of the Jugurthan war, in 642. He is greatly assisted in the civil part of his history, at this period, by Cicero, who has preserved many anecdotes concerning the capital actors who were leaving the stage of life about the time that he was entering upon it. We shall but just observe, that the name of Fabius Eburnus, mentioned by Mr. Hooke, is the same with that of Quintus Maximus, mentioned by Cicero, who was the pretor who kindly adjourned the court, when he saw the trepidation of young Crassus, on his opening the charge against Carbo.

This chapter contains the rise of the famous Caius Marius, and the conquests of the Romans in Transalpine Gaul; and the author has, with great industry, consulted every assistance that history could furnish to elucidate his subject; so that, in fact, a reader who shall confine himself to any one author either antient or modern, treating of the same period, must sometimes be at a loss as to times and persons, for he will scarce believe them to be the same, Mr. Hooke having enriched them with such a variety of curious incidents.

In his second chapter, which treats of the commencement, progress, and conclusion of the Jugurthan war, our author has not the same advantages for starting new game, as the subject has been so professedly handled by Sallust. But he takes an opportunity to animadvert upon Cicero's complimenting Opimius, (an infamous ruffian of quality, who had been guilty of the most shocking massacres and inhumanities), with the title of *prestantissimus*, or "most excellent," and of doing justice, in a set of most elaborate notes, to the character of Marius, as well as that of Metellus, which he view in lights very different from those in which they are placed by other writers, both antient and modern. Thro' all the work Mr. Hooke has one uncommon excellency of an historian, which is that of examining characters by facts, and not

not of establishing facts from characters. The name of Cicero can never reconcile contradictions in his own writings; however it might have dazzled the sight of a Middleton, a Crevier, a Catrou, or Rollin, and almost the whole tribe of French academicians, who write as if they thought it sacrilege to trust to facts, instead of believing in names.

The third chapter gives us the war with the Cimbri, and the history of the second, third, fourth, and fifth consulships of Marius. Mr. Hooke is of opinion, in one of his notes, that the specimen Cicero gives of the eloquence of Crassus, in his *Conference de Oratore*, book i. chapter 52, related to Cæpio's law for admitting some of the senators to the bench of judges; but this opinion does not seem to be warranted by the words of Cicero, though it certainly was pronounced on occasion of a difference between the senators and the knights. In the course of this chapter, Mr. Hooke observes some inconsistencies in Plutarch's lives of Marius and Sylla, which have been adopted by Vertot, Catrou, and Rollin. The second Servile war in Italy employs the fourth chapter. The fifth opens with the sixth consulship of Marius, in the year of Rome 653, the violences of Saturninus, the banishment and recall of Metellus Numidicus, the voyage of Marius to Asia, the prosecution of Cæpio, Norbanus and Rutilius, with various other matters, arranged by Mr. Hooke in proper chronological order, in which they were greatly deficient before this history appeared. Besides Cicero, he is assisted at this period by Sallust, Livy, Appian, Plutarch, Paternulus, Dio Cassius, Valerius Maximus, Orosius, and other historians.

The sixth chapter of this excellent history gives us a most entertaining account of the genealogy, early adventures, and enterprizes of the famous Mithridates, king of Pontus; whose ambition Sylla is now preparing to check. At this period, besides the writers already mentioned, our author is assisted by Diodorus Siculus, Florus, Aurelius Victor, Strabo, Justin, and other historians ancient and modern. The unsuccessful attempt of Livius Drusus to procure to the Italian allies the privileges of Roman citizenship, with the bickerings that followed thereupon, employs the seventh chapter; and (if there is not a mistake in Pliny's numbers) there was, at this time, in the Roman treasury, above fifty millions sterling ready-money. Our author has often recourse to notes, in which he endeavours to clear up; and often to expose, not only the differences between Cicero and other writers, but between Cicero and himself. But, with all due deference to the great abilities of Mr. Hooke, though he has been very successful in many passages, he has been obliged to leave others in the dark, in which they probably

will always continue. The war of Rome with her Italian allies, under the heads of the Marfic, the Social, and the Italic, fills the eighth chapter; and here the author very properly calls in to his aid the assistances of some modern commentators, particularly Sigonius and Gronovius. In the ninth chapter, we have the occasion of the first Mithridatic war, and of the amazing strength which Mithridates could bring into the field.

The tenth chapter gives us the history of the commotions raised between Sylla and Marius, with their shocking consequences, about the year of Rome 665. The same subject, with that of the Mithridatic war, is continued through the eleventh chapter, but without any very remarkable difference among authors, that can affect the thread of history. Among other curious particulars here, we have an excellent account of the dreadful proscriptions of both parties which the Romans then underwent; and the reader may form some notion of Mr. Hooke's manner from the following narrative of Sylla's cruelties.

' In the number of the proscribed was C. Julius Cæsar. His aunt had been married to the elder Marius, and he himself was son-in-law to Cinna. All Sylla's authority could not prevail with him to divorce his wife; he was therefore degraded from the office of Flamen Dialis, deprived of his patrimony, and forced to abscond to save his life. At length, the vestal virgins, and several of the chief men of Rome, earnestly intreating that he might be spared, Sylla answered, "You have prevailed, but know, that he whom you so eagerly wish to save, will one day prove the ruin of the party which you and I have been defending. You have no penetration, if, in that boy, you do not see many Marius's."

' The tyrant, not contented with proscribing particular persons, extended his revenge to whole towns and nations. Spoætum, Interamna, Florentia, Sulmo, and Præneste, were razed to the ground, most of the inhabitants massacred, and their effects sold. All the Samnites he put to death, or banished Italy, alledging that, while they remained united, the Romans would never have peace; so that in Strabo's days, all their towns were either in ruins, or dwindled into villages.

' All Italy now submitted to the conqueror, except Nola and Volaterræ; but the Marian faction had still leaders in the provinces. Sertorius had assembled an army in Spain; Perperna prepared to defend Sicily, and the consul Carbo and Domitius (Cinna's son-in law) were in Africa. Pompey, in virtue of a commission from Sylla, passed with an army into Sicily, whereupon Perperna abandoned the island. Soon after Carbo, who had left Africa to go into Sicily, stopped at Cossura, and from thence sent M. Brutus to Lilybeam, to learn whether Pompey

was

was there. Brutus's vessel being surrounded by some of the enemy's ships, he slew himself, that he might not fall into the enemy's hands; and Pompey, having dispatched some vessels in pursuit of Carbo, took him prisoner, with all his attendants. These he caused to be slain, without suffering them to come into his presence, but the consul to be brought in chains before his tribunal; and when from thence he had reproached him in a long and bitter invective, commanded him to be led to execution. [Pompey has been censured, with some severity, for this treatment of Carbo, a man who had been thrice consul, and had warmly patronized him, when all the effects of his father Pompeius Strabo, were, after his death, going to be confiscated, for his having embezzled the public money.]

Both the consuls being dead, and the time for the election of new magistrates approaching, Sylla left Rome, and went to his camp, from whence, by a message to the senate, he signified his desire that they would name an inter-rex. The fathers pitched upon Valerius Flaccus, hoping that he would hold the comitia for an election of consuls: but Sylla wrote to Valerius, advising him to propose to the people the creating a Dictator, who should hold that office, 'not for any fixed term, but till the affairs of Rome, Italy, and the whole empire, that were in great disorder, through the late wars, should be entirely settled.' At the bottom of the letter he added, that, 'with their approbation, he would burthen himself with the care of doing the republic that service.'

Valerius having convened the people, proposed and passed a law, which not only constituted Sylla dictator, for an unlimited time, but likewise ratified every thing he had hitherto done, and gave him a full and uncontrollable power over the lives and fortunes of his fellow-citizens: "A law (says Cicero) the most iniquitous that every was made, and the most unlike a law;" and indeed it is harder to conceive how a law, so contrary to the very essence of civil society, should ever be proposed, than that it should pass, at this juncture, without opposition.'

The eighth book of this history commences at the 671st year of Rome, when Sylla was created perpetual dictator, and ends with the year 693. The first chapter ends with the abdication of Sylla from the dictatorship in 674, and his death next year, comprehending his dictatorial laws and institutes, with Pompey's campaign in Africa, and his triumph. In the notes to this chapter, we have an accurate dissertation on Sylla's making an addition of three hundred to the number of senators, from the equestrian order; and Mr. Hooke is of opinion, that the number of the senators was then fixed at five hundred and twenty-five, and that the additional number of knights preferred

to be senators, was in order that a sufficient number of judges, which the Plautian law required, should be chosen out of the equestrian order, but which Sylla translated to the senatorial. In this note, he has made several shrewd observations upon Dr. Middleton's knowledge of the Roman constitution. The second chapter of this book recounts the unsuccessful attempts of Lepidus; as the third does of the Sertorian war in Spain. The fourth, the war with Spartacus the gladiator, in all which Mr. Hooke meets with but few difficulties; but he never fails, throughout the whole of his work, to make accurate quotations of his authorities upon the margin, and in his notes; and, in general, he gives us the value of Roman and British money, which is of great use to the reader. In the fifth chapter we have the history of the consulate of Crassus and Pompey, in the year of Rome 683, which is very entertaining, as it comprehends the prosecution of Verres, the consecration of the Capitol, and the Cretan war. That with the pirates, and the passing the Manilian law, in favour of Pompey, fill up the sixth chapter. Here our author, with a becoming spirit of liberty, censures the last measure, which was certainly one of the boldest that ever passed against the liberties of the Roman republic. Speaking of Creviere, the French historian, he says, in one of his notes, 'I have observed, that this ingenious French writer seems frequently to make the aristocracy, and the commonwealth, or free state, synonymous terms; whereas the freedom of the Roman People, from the time of Sylla, who, by laws of his own, established the aristocracy, was surely, at best, no better than the freedom of outlaws and banditti, who are under the guidance of suitable leaders; and the senate itself was notoriously a "Spelunca Latronum."

The second and third Mithridatic war are the subjects of the seventh and eighth chapters, but contain nothing particularly different from other historians, excepting in the great precision and clearness of the author's style and narrative. The ninth chapter is, perhaps, the most curious of any in the Roman history. Mr. Hooke enters with great freedom into a detail of the life, conduct, and character of Cicero, whom he attends thro' his education, travels, quaestorship, aedileship, and praetorship, to his attainment of the consular dignity; and he observes many contradictions in the accounts we have of that great man, as coming both from himself and his panegyrist. In the same chapter, we have brief histories of Caius Julius Caesar, Marcus Porcius Cato, and the famous Catiline, which introduce that of the latter's conspiracy; where Mr. Hooke has a very full opportunity of displaying both his critical and historical abilities, and to examine those of Dr. Middleton, which are here placed in no

very

very favourable light. He is very free in justifying the character of Cæsar, but he does it without straining or perverting the words of history. We cannot, however, help thinking that our author, in canvassing the question, whether Cicero ever pleaded for Catiline? has descended too much into literal disputes with Dr. Middleton, and Cicero's French translators and commentators. Whether Cicero pleaded for Catiline or not, is of very little importance either to the truth of history, or to the orator's character. The matter appears plainly in the following light: When Catiline returned from his government in Africa to Rome, he found that Cotta and Torquatus had been elected consuls in the place of Sulla and Autronius, who had been set aside for corrupt practices. Catiline declared himself a candidate for the next consulship; but a charge was brought against him for malversation in his government, which disqualified him from standing. Those kinds of charges in the corrupted times of the republic were very common, and made use of as state tricks, for setting a candidate aside; at least for such a time as disabled him from succeeding that year. Cicero had some political reasons, as appears from his eleventh epistle to Atticus, for being well with Catiline, and he promised to plead for him on his trial. Our author thinks that the charge which Cicero then undertook to defend Catiline upon was that of murder. We must beg leave to observe, that he has bestowed rather more pains in discussing this question than its importance deserved; and indeed he has given a very good reason why they might have been spared, which is the difference of two almost cotemporary authors, Fenestrella and Asconius, upon the same points; for they cannot agree whether Cicero ever pleaded for Catiline or not. It cannot affect Cicero's character if he did, because the prosecution was a sham one, and Catiline was backed by all the Roman consulars, and very possibly the charge might be without foundation. *Lucio Tullo, says Sallust, Marco Lepido, Coss. P. Autronius & P. Sulla, designati consules legibus ambitus interrogati pœnas dederant. Paulo post Catalina pecuniarum repetundarum reus prohibitus erat petere consulatum, quod intra legitimos dies profiteri, nequiverit.* In English, 'In the consulship of Lucius Tullus and Marcus Lepidus, Publius Autronius and Publius Sulla, consuls elect, being tried for corruption, were punished. Soon after Catiline being charged with embezzlement of public money, was disqualified from standing for the consulate, because he could not declare himself within the time required by law.' Candidly speaking, we must be of opinion it was upon this impeachment of corruption that Cicero thought of pleading for Catiline; and upon this accusation the latter had for his advocate even the consul Torquatus, who did not then think Catiline

so criminal as he really was ; and Cicero, if we are to believe himself, in his pleadings for Marcus Cælius, was once under the same deception.

Mr. Hooke having most laboriously toiled through this period of his history, in which he has convicted Dr. Middleton of many shameful mistakes, to call them no worse, examines and (we think) very fully confutes the charges brought against Cæsar by aristocratical writers, both antient and modern, particularly by the said reverend doctor. The bounds of this Review does not admit of our entering into particulars ; but no man can read the work before us, without concluding that, from the time of the murder of the Gracchi till the civil-war broke out between Cæsar and Pompey, the nobility of Rome, even those whom Cicero extols the most, were a set of the most abandoned ruffians that perhaps the sun ever beheld. The magistrates were no better than commissioned murderers, robbers, and tyrants. Even Cato's conduct was not without exceptions ; and the admired Brutus, the assassin of Cæsar, is convicted, even upon his own evidence, of having been a mean oppressive usurer, and guilty of practices which would cost a London pawnbroker his ears in the pillory. In short, we have here the most incontestable proofs of the little weight that the testimony of Cicero ought to bear in the history of his own times, since almost every man he speaks of in the different parts of his writings, is god or devil, according as the orator's own interest, situation, or vanity were affected. To give instances of this would be endless.

There is nothing very particular in Mr. Hooke's account of the Catilinarian conspiracy, and, in the course of it, we think he goes a little out of the way, in giving us so ample a detail (though the trial fell within that period) of Cicero's pleading for Muræna. We likewise cannot but wish that Mr. Hooke had employed his usual accuracy in comparing the different accounts we have of this celebrated conspiracy, and examining the validity of the evidence, as it is delivered by Cicero himself. This would be a new attempt, and might produce some curious inferences, which the veneration of learned men for the name of Cicero hath hitherto deterred them from making. It appears from his twenty-first epistle to Atticus (which we wish Mr. Hooke had considered a little more critically than he seems to have done) that Brutus and he were of different sentiments with regard to some particulars of this famous transaction, and that he employed Atticus to prevail with Brutus to make some alterations to his advantage in a narrative he had drawn up of the conspiracy. Mr. Hooke might have strengthened his conjecture that Cicero's fourth oration against Catiline

Catiline was never delivered in the senate, by observing that it was common for that orator to retouch, correct, or add to all his orations, and even sometimes, as in that for Milo, to write them anew, before they were published. It requires no great share of discernment to perceive, that his oration for *Muræna* had at least been new moulded before it appeared abroad, Mr. Hooke closes his account of this important affair with a curious, but, perhaps, too long a dissertation, (on account of its modern quotations), on the real merits of Cicero in suppressing the conspiracy. His sentiments are so just upon this head, that we shall give part of them to the reader.

“ The city therefore, in general, became greatly obliged to the consul, for his timely seizing and securing the persons of the conspirators, which totally averted the impending evil : and if, after doing his fellow citizens this effectual service, he had been content with the consciousness of having done it, and the further reward of their grateful applauses ; and not listened to his cowardly fears, so as to be seduced by them to act the tyrant, violating the laws, in a most tender point, without any necessity ; he would unquestionably have deserved——almost the fortieth part of the praise he claimed for his performances. As to the compliments made to him by Catulus in the senate, and by Cato the year following, from the *Rostra*, (in a spirit of opposition to *Cæsar* and *Pompey*) and the loud acclamations of the multitude thereupon, “ Whence Pliny, in honour to his memory, cries out, Hail thou, who wast first saluted Parent of thy Country,” it seems quite ridiculous to bring those compliments of two leaders of a faction, and those huzzas of a mob, as proofs that Cicero “ obtained the most glorious title which a mortal can wear—Father of his Country—from the free vote of the senate and people of Rome.” Was Rome free at this time ? Or could Cicero derive any honour from the applauses given to his administration by those citizens, who, soon after, on account of that very administration, banished him his country ? They were as free then as when they assented to Cato’s compliment to him. What an idea does his English historian give us of the freedom of Rome, when he makes us see, that, in the consulship of his patriot hero, the very deliberations of the senate, concerning *Lentulus* and the other prisoners, were not free ; that *Cæsar*, for having declared against dispensing with the laws, “ had some difficulty to escape with life from the rage of the knights, who guarded the avenues of the senate ; where he durst not venture to appear any more till he entered upon his prætorship with the new year.”

Without pronouncing any thing decisive, we should think ourselves highly obliged, and we believe the republic of learning would

would be so likewise, to any of the numerous admirers of Cicero and the Roman aristocracy, who could give a full and satisfactory answer to the last quotation.

[*To be Continued.*]

ART. II. *Antient Characters deduced from Classical Remains.* By Edmund Burton, Esq. A. M. sometime Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge. 8vo. Pr. 4s. sewed. Rowlands.

THE quaintness and oddity of the title of this book, shews it to be the work of an odd and *singular* man. Who Mr. Edmund Burton is we know not, having never heard of him before; certain, however, it is, that his notion of things is uncommon, and his manner of treating them very particular. From the title we had reason to imagine that the author meant to investigate the characters of persons alluded to in antient writers, under feigned names, in the manner of bishop Atterbury's Iapis, and were surprised to find that all Mr. Burton's design is only to give us his *own* opinion concerning the beauties and faults of some few classical writers. Prefixed to these remarks, our author has treated us with *Thoughts on Education*, addressed to the *Earl of ******, where the reader will meet with some sensible and judicious observations obscured and incumbered by a laboured, turgid, and affected stile.

'You are sensible, my lord, (says Mr. Burton) that it is plainly owing to a contempt of nature and reason, that our schools and universities are become the common habitations of ignorance. It is become, as your lordship finds, more interesting in these places to think ill than to think well. Juvenile ardour, say the guardians of our innocence, is better promoted by such an expedient. The thoughts therefore must be overcharged, and the mind must be made ready to burst with a *classical plethora*: other regulations we must suppose to be vain, and that our young plants cannot thrive in a soil more judiciously attempered. What, my lord, is not the ambition of an honest fame as great as ever? That generous unallayed ambition, which was so pre-eminently conspicuous among the antients in their didactic institutions? Alas! my lord, we must not look for the disinterested zeal of a Socrates or a Plato, among the modern pretenders to letters. Under the care and instruction of these two antients, their disciples felt the warm rays of discipline proportionably diffused; and thrived accordingly, because there was care as well as instruction. Care and pains are the natural blossoms of an ingenuous mind: but if by a kind of *metallic inoculation*, an attempt is made to produce an early fruit; it may, when produced, perhaps have a flavour that is not displeasing;

but

but nothing like that which honest Nature would produce, when left to herself.'

What our author has here advanced is true and sensible ; but we cannot admire his *classical plethora*, nor his *metallic inoculation*. When he comes to *deduce his antient characters*, we shall meet with a large portion of bombast, and out-of-the-way expressions. The Latin writers characterized by Mr. Burton (for of the Greek he takes no notice) are Terence, Tully, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Velleius Paterculus, Juvenal, Martial, Quintilian, Pliny, Florus, and Suetonius. He divides his account of each author into three chapters, the first of which acquaints us with the history of his life, the second considers his beauties, and the third his defects.

In the life of Terence, this gentleman informs us, ' That it was easy for him (Terence) to *sheath* himself in the affections and good graces of the great, when the *flame* of life was but just kindled ; and that he began early to be courted and caressed by the principal nobility at Rome, who modelled him *Platonically* to their own ideas.' The expression of *sheathing* himself into the affections of the great, is pretty remarkable, and the *Platonical moulding*, which Mr. Burton talks of, is, we must acknowledge, rather unintelligible. But let us hear what this gentleman says of Tully.

' Tully was happy in the advantages of birth and family. If antient records don't suffer in their credit, we might venture to affirm, that he was of royal extract. When he emerged into the spirited part of life, he seems to have owed his significance rather to the splendor of his family, than that of his genius. The lustre of the former was the bright planet's lustre that influenced, directed, and insured success in every thing, to which his inclinations aspired : like some vessel, that is freighted with rich commodities, not because its appearance is promising, but because its owners are creditable. His abilities do not suffer from such a construction as this, by supposing them the mere creatures of art. Talents have been acquired, where rank, fortune, and friends, have been the incentives to action ; but such as are easily distinguished from those of nature's growth. But those of this celebrated Roman, were plainly a *spontaneous efflorescence* : evidenced to have been of nature's mould, from a *prodigal redundancy*.'

Mr. Burton's *spontaneous efflorescence*, as a mark of genius, we can readily pardon, but sincerely wish he would not be so liberal of his *prodigal redundancies*. ' What had Tully (continues our author) to do with politics ! an engine that is always sure to mangle and disfigure genius, that is to derive its splendor from contemplation and retirement. We may humour the inclination

clination in various ways, in other pursuits: but if we once chuse learning for a mistress, her jealousy will ever prove fatal, if we cast our eyes upon any other beauty. 'Tis an adage in experience, that the approach of literature to politics, is a species of arithmetic, that often makes the sum total of our transactions, oblivion and contempt.'

We cannot readily conceive what this gentleman means in the last sentence, by an *adage in experience*; not to mention that the *sum total of oblivion* is a *species of arithmetic* infinitely beyond our comprehension. The allusion that follows is still more strained and obscure. 'It is the prerogative of genius (says Mr. Burton) like the case of that animal whose death is always certain when it litters, to die under the weight and pressure of its own abilities.'

Here our young author had got hold of a tolerably good thought, but was utterly at a loss how to express it: we should be glad to know the name of that extraordinary animal he mentions. We will not dispute, however, with Mr. B. whether there be any such creature in the universe or not, but will venture to assure him that a *prerogative to die* is an expression peculiar to himself. In our author's account of Sallust, he tells us, that 'he had all the requisite means to improve a mind that *thirsted* after the richest *impressions*:' and speaking a few pages after of that writer's defects, he calls his digression on the antiquities of Rome, 'a blemish of the dullest complexion, which looks like an *Anicular* legend, dramatically introduced, by way of interlude.' When our author speaks of Virgil's death, he tells us that, on Virgil's meeting Augustus 'the hurry of the journey joined to the joy of meeting his royal benefactor, caused a violent *concussion* in this bright *planet*, and sunk it at once below the horizon, before its regular time of setting was expected.'

When Mr. Burton speaks of Ovid's merit (who, by the bye, seems to be his favourite author) his style is prodigiously fine and flowery.

'What a gentle flow of fancy (says he) undisturbed with tumultuous surges or offensive gales, glides through every avenue of his elegiac conceptions, forming a current steadily uniform, and measurably exact! Remove the supposal of sordid adulation, the majesty of Cæsar is displayed in many passages with a graceful peculiarity of sentiment. For the jejune mode of kindling the expectation by repeated warnings of a royal approach, is poetically disdained; and the full unexpected blaze of majesty strikes a deeper awe, because unforeseen.'

'In descriptive pieces, where little is left to the imagination, but most is to arise from facts, due attention is ever to be paid to the *minutiæ* of things; trifles in such cases are of importance, and

and the only way to maim and disfigure the design, is to omit them. His Morning-piece is sketched out in this circumspective manner; and if we look upon any modern attempt of this nature, we are in pain, because we know the original. Such an attempt is in fact but lighted up by his sun-beams, and so becomes in effect a meer moon-light reflection.'

Pray, gentle readers, observe the pretty play of words (not much unlike Mr. Bays' eclipse) between the sun and the moon: but in the passage immediately subsequent to this, and the note under it, our author has opened his heart to us, and given us his opinion *de re venerâ*, in pretty plain terms.

'To check nature (says Mr. Burton) in her *primogenial* (what a fine word!) privileges *, to dismantle and disfigure her, has been, and still is, the most detestable of all rebellions against the Divine Architect of the world: and men have been such cowards frequently, that they have not dared to fight even against abstract prejudice.

* In civilized countries, a little more civility should be shown to the commerce of the sexes. That odium, that prejudice, that clamour (the howl of brutes) which have occasioned so much bloodshed, should never be heard of in that state, (which professes a veneration for the laws of God, and his subordinate agent nature) when what is vulgarly called an illicit amour, takes place. As if the laws of nature were wrong in themselves, and only righteous, when a cunning ecclesiastical ceremony passes a patent. If they were wrong before, all the ceremonies in the world will not make them right: if they were right before, such a *fiat* will not make them more so. Is not this the sovereign natural good? Nay, is it not something higher? Is it not divinely ordained, for the health, conservation, and increase of society?—What a tumult often about that, which has a religious tendency! Were these intercourses looked upon with the same indifference that is shewn to the enjoyment of the other appetites, the dispensers of holy rites would have more business on their hands. Let them not take alarm: here is something in their favour. Were the sexes left to their own choice and liberty, without savage clamour, and detraction, without that *Atheistical* contempt of the lovely female when she has answered the end of her creation, what is called a regular union would be more frequent. Mankind generally pursue that most, which they are most forbidden. Besides, what says the Divine Author of Christianity here? Does he exclaim against this glorious passion?—So far from it, that he throws a veil even over the criminal pursuit of it, Adultery. "Neither do I condemn thee." Were the regulations of the Divine Christian scheme to discountenance the love of women, the Christian religion would not be a religion fit for man.' In

‘ In the Art of Love we have the satisfaction of seeing this baneful phantom encountered ; nature divested of her disguise, and her common rights vindicated. The passion we know is a divine irradiation : the completion of it a solace, which considered in its circumstances and effects, must never leave us room to doubt of its spiritual participations. Otherwise indeed estimated by narrow capacities, by the knaves and fools of mankind : the former drawn aside by too many feelings of another kind, and the latter influenced by no feelings at all. What an insensible pertness of imagination is it, to attribute the displeasure, manifested to this elegant writer by his royal patron, to this laudable performance ! Was not the enjoyment of Livia’s charms sufficient to make him in love with nature’s propensities ? The rules of good manners, as well as of right reason, make us ashamed of avowing this work of his, to have been the cause of his relegation.’

This humble *apology for fornication* may possibly recommend Mr. B. in the eyes of the ladies, but we are afraid a rigid divine will hardly assent to the truth or morality of his principles.

In Mr. Burton’s account of the life of Pliny, he tells us that ‘ he ascended the chief dignities of the state by easy and gentle steps : the office of quæstor being, as it were, an introduction to that of augur ; and the office of augur leading to that of consul. These dignities were not bestowed by the caprice of party, favour, or affection ; but were the liberal dispensations of power upon an object, that knew how to add new lustre to that power, by the rational exertion of its own. His fortunes indeed made him conspicuous, but his abilities made him eminent. Contemplative enquiries merely are the lethargy of states. For states are to be aided and kept in order by the vigilance of their component members : and where such a circulation of action is wanting, there is a *passive violation* of social order.’

Passive violation, with all due deference to our author’s judgment, is a strange expression, and the following is, perhaps, as strange.

‘ Lucius Annæus Florus, (says he) is supposed to have received the first feeble glimmerings of life towards the end of Trajan’s reign,’ by which we suppose is meant no more than that he was *born* at that time——what then could Mr. B. possibly mean by the *first feeble glimmerings of life* ? Florus was, in all probability, as much alive the first hour he came into the world as when he was thirty years of age ; though he might *not* be so (to use our author’s own phrase, p. 175.) ‘ when he lay insensibly incircled in the first embraces of his mother.’

As we have taken the liberty to mark the errors of this performance, and to censure the turgid and inflated style in which

it is written, it would be injustice in us, at the same time, not to acknowledge, that, in the course of the work, we met with some judicious reflections, amongst which are the following.

‘ There are certain truths in speculative reasonings, which one would almost wish to be false. Their blandishments, in some instances, so sway the mind, that we are uneasy, if they can’t be produced into action : and because they still rest in speculation, their truths seem injurious to us. Such is the *Amicitia* of Tully, considered at first view. It has every ingredient to enslave the mind into a submission to its powers. We imagine this to be a draught of the world’s sincerity in Tully’s time. But we are mistaken. The *Amicitia* of Tully is not the *Amicitia* of mankind, but of a future state. Scipio’s virtues are well sketched out : and a man that deserved so well of his country, as Tully describes him, must have had something more of the Divinity within him than moderns can boast of. The drift of the Paradoxes is not generally understood. Under the character of stoical rant and pedantry, they have suffered in their reputation. To lash a flatterer, or an enemy to the state in satirical invectives, is well : to lash the same persons, in satirical ambiguities, is better. As an Academic, Tully’s artifice would have been laid open : as a Stoic, ’tis hid. The effect is felt in the character of a Stoic, while its direction is not understood. Whoever would learn to write spirited satire, should weigh well the plan and contrivance of these paradoxes ; which are only intended to blazon the characters of Clodius, Antony, and Crassus in their genuine colours. Tully’s subjects are interesting : his language graceful : his arguments irresistible.’

Speaking of Sallust’s beauties, Mr. Burton has these words :

‘ Lettered affectation is the toy of an incondite, superficial writer ; exerted most, where the least is to be said ; and generally shining, where there ought to be shade. In this historian we see the thoughts gradually spun out of each other, no dark chasms between the periods, which make the reconciliation difficult. Such a natural ease diffused through the whole, that it would be the most perplexing of all labours, to search for any thing in him that is laboured. In his narratives moving slow, with a grave simplicity, and avoiding brevity ; because mere narrative, like the Tuscan, is the plainest order in lettered architecture. We must clear away therefore the stain of affectation, unless we have a mind to assume that imputation to ourselves. If his warmth is not every-where alike, ’tis because it is judiciously dispensed, like that of the sovereign luminary : where the soil is capable of a rich produce, there its influences fall full and vigorous ; but where it is poor and unfruitful, its full light and heat would not be only unnecessary, but unseasonable.’

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The thought of comparing narrative to the Tuscan order is just and new. His observations on the faults of Juvenal have likewise their share of merit, as our readers will see by this short extract.

• There is as frequent a change of weather in the writings of some authors, as there is in the region of the air. A constant sun shine and clear sky are not always to be expected. Clouds and sullen glooms will sometimes intersect the prospect, and disturb its tranquility. In the course of a work, 'tis equally as necessary to be apprized of this intellectual variation of seasons, as it is to guard against the foul weather and storms above, when there is reason to apprehend their approach.

• Under this consideration, how does this satirist acquit himself? What rude discomposures are there, that blacken and deform the scene? If it falls to his share, to have any defects, it must be acknowledged, that he has the fewest of any writer, who has assumed this character. It might have been the custom of this age, in which the pleasures of sense were carried to an excess, (in which instance they are only criminal, supposing them natural) to speak plainly, and without disguise; without those artful softenings in language, that impart a lustre to the grossest objects. Otherwise we cannot well account for that coarse alloy of expression, which frequently wounds the reader's attention. Had the Satires been wrote for the amusement of his coteremporaries only, approbation might have given its sanction: but where posterity was to pass sentence, such language is not easily forgiven; unless its author was deceived by a vision, in which he was told, that all civility and good breeding would be banished the latter ages of the world, and that vulgar barbarism would be universal.

Here Mr. Burton seems to have been fired with the reading of his author, and, whilst he was considering his perfections, to have adopted his severity.

In our account of Mr. Burton's performance, the reader will perceive that, in imitation of *him*, we have impartially considered his beauties and defects: we shall only add, by way of advice to this *young gentleman* (for such by this work we imagine him to be) that we could wish he would study *modern* as well as *antient* writers, as by an intimate acquaintance with some of our purest English authors, he might learn to correct and improve his stile, and consequently make a better figure in any future performance.

ART. III. *The Messiah.* Attempted from the German of Mr. Klopstock. To which is prefixed his Introduction on Divine Poetry. In two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 5s. Doddsley.

WE have often had occasion, in the course of our remarks, to observe, that the sacred and sublime truths of our holy religion are very unfit subjects for poetry; it is not, we believe, in the power of the greatest genius that ever lived, to give us an agreeable history of the New Testament in verse, or to form a good heroic poem from the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ, though some particular passages might perhaps be selected, which would admit of poetical imagery in the illustration of them: when even our divine Milton failed in the attempt, it is no little vanity in any modern bard to hope for success. Mr. Klopstock, the German Homer, has, notwithstanding, attempted this arduous task in the work now before us, but has, which might naturally be expected, failed most miserably in the execution of it: the merit of Mr. Klopstock's *Abel* is too well known to stand in need of any encomiums; it has been universally and deservedly admired, but the *Messiah* is a subject of a very different nature. Whilst this excellent poet was engaged in painting the passions of men, in describing the horrors of guilt in Cain, the filial piety of Abel, the tenderness of Thirza, and the parental affection of our first parents, the warmth of his lively imagination, and the sensibility of his heart, dictated to him such imagery and expression, as rendered his poem agreeable to every reader: but when he steps, as in the work before us, out of the limits of mortality, and soars into the clouds; when he attempts to give us the sentiments of the supreme Being, to describe the employments of cherubims and seraphims, and to give us the conversation of the holy angels; we find nothing in him but the enthusiastic raptures of an idle visionary, carrying us out of this terrestrial into an ideal world, and talking a language which we do not understand.

Mr. Klopstock's poem is divided into ten books: that our readers may have a proper idea of this work, with the plan and conduct of it, we shall extract the argument, or subject-matter, of each book, and make, as we go along, a few cursory remarks on the several particulars contained in them.

B O O K I.

' The Messiah, withdrawing from the multitude, ascends the mount of Olives; and, in a solemn prayer, repeats his promise to undertake the redemption of mankind. He sends Gabriel to present his petitions to the Most High. The seraph proceeds through a path illuminated by suns; and, reaching heaven,

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hears a song of praise. Eloa meets Gabriel, and conducts him to the altar of the Messiah; upon which he offers incense. The omnipotent Father, at length, opens with his thunders the holy sanctuary. A discourse between Eloa and Urim, on the prophetic visions seen in that sacred place. God speaks. Eloa proclaims his more particular orders. Gabriel is sent to the angels of the earth, and to those of the sun. He descends to the earth, and finds the Messiah asleep, addresses him, and then proceeds to the guardian angels of the earth, who reside in its centre; where he finds the souls of infants, which are there prepared for heaven. Thence he ascends to the sun; where he sees the souls of the patriarchs, with Uriel, the angel of that orb.'

The very little knowledge which scripture hath imparted to us concerning the nature of celestial spirits, renders the introduction and employment of them in a poem, a matter of great difficulty. Mr. Klopstock has made them his principal agents throughout his whole performance; with what propriety his readers will best determine. In the first book he has created angels of the sun, and angels of the earth, who walk 'through paths illuminated by suns, which, as an ethereal curtain of interwoven light, extend their lustre around heaven; no dark planet approaches the refulgent blaze, but clouded nature flies swiftly by, far distant.' These may, for aught we know, be very sublime images, adorned with exalted poetry, but at the same time could wish they had been a little more intelligible. The thought of placing the guardian angels of the earth in the center of it, is to the last degree absurd and unaccountable; nor is the idea of the souls of infants and the souls of the patriarchs less ridiculous.

B O O K II.

* The souls of the patriarchs see the Messiah awake at break of day; and the parents of the human race alternately salute him with a hymn. Jesus learns from Raphael, John's guardian angel, that this disciple is viewing a demoniac among the sepulchres on the mount of Olives. He goes thither, and finds Samma, whom Satan attempts to kill, by throwing him into despair. The Messiah puts Satan to flight; who returning to Hell, gives an account of what he knows of Jesus, and determines his death: but is opposed by Abbadona. Adramelech speaking in support of Satan's determination, all hell approves it; on which Satan and Adramelech return to the earth, to put their design in execution. Abbadona following them at a distance, sees at the gate of hell Abdiel, a seraph, once his friend, whom he addresses: but Abdiel taking no notice of him, he proceeds forwards; bewails the forfeiture of his glory; despairs of

of finding grace, and after vainly endeavouring to destroy himself, descends on the earth. Satan and Adramelech also advance to the earth, and alight on the mount of Olives.'

As in the first book Mr. Klopstock has taken the liberty to make new angels, we are not surprised to find him creating new devils also, whom he never heard of before. Such are the respectable personages *Adramelech* and *Abbadona*. The former is described as a rival of the arch-fiend, the latter a repenting demon: two strange characters for an heroic poem on the Redemption! To make Satan more terrible, our author describes him as 'mounted on the wings of a tempest;' and tells us, (speaking of Belial) that 'the terrors of God roar in his destructive wings, and Desolation, arrayed in deformity, is spread over the tumbling abyss.'

In the description of Hell, Mr. Klopstock informs us; that the entrance to it is guarded by two angels of approved valour, placed there by the Almighty to restrain the powers of darkness, lest Satan, prompted by malice, should assail the creation of God, and deform the fair face of nature. In spite, however, of these guards, not only Satan but Adramelech and Abbadona come upon earth, and do all the mischief they can. The absurdity of this is too evident to stand in need of any comment to expose it. In this book we are told, that the devils 'chaunted their own exploits to their harps, which had been cracked by the thunder of heaven, and sounded the discordant notes of death.' Surely the idea of harps cracked by the thunder, is extremely puerile.

B O O K III.

'The Messiah still continues among the sepulchres. Eloi descends from heaven, and counts his tears. The souls of the patriarchs send the seraph Zemias, from the sun, to observe the words and actions of Jesus, while the darkness of the night prevents their seeing him. The Messiah sleeps for the last time; and while his disciples seek him about the mount of Olives, their guardian angels give Zemias their several characters. Satan appears in a dream to Judas Iscariot in the form of his deceased father. The Messiah awaking, comes to his disciples, and mentions their approaching flight. Judas, who had concealed himself, overhears the Messiah, and feels his mind distracted by contending passions.'

The descent of Eloi from heaven merely to count the tears of Jesus, is a very childish and ridiculous circumstance: the characters of the disciples, as given by their guardian angels to Zemias, are by no means well drawn, as our readers will see by the following short extract.

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'This,

‘ This, said the seraph Orion, is Simon Peter, one of the greatest of the disciples. Me has the Redeemer chosen his guardian angel. Thou, O Zemias! hast judged rightly : he is all that thou sayst. Shouldst thou see him when full of fervour, he is listening to the voice of his gracious Master ; or when absent from him, and no longer under his eye ; or when sleeping, he, in his dreams, beholds his Saviour ; thou, O seraph ! wouldst admire the sensibility of his heart, and think it still more divine. Lately Jesus asking his disciples, whom they thought him, Peter answered, with tears of joy, Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. But, O that I had not heard the Messiah say to Peter, Thou wilt deny me thrice ! how dreadful the prediction ! Ah Simon, my brother ! didst thou hear him ; and if thou didst, what—oh what were the thoughts of thine heart ? boldly didst thou reply, I will never deny thee——thee my Redeemer and my Lord. Yet Jesus again repeated the dreadful words. Oh didst thou but know how this fills me with soft compassion, thou wouldst indeed, as thou hast said, rather die than deny thy kind and gracious Lord. Thou knowest how Jesus loves thee. For then didst thou observe, that while he thus spake, he beheld thee with eyes full of divine sympathy and grace. Fain, O Peter ! would I hope, that thou wilt not basely deny thy Lord.’

‘ Yonder, said the seraph Bildai, is Matthew, who was educated in the soft luxurious lap of pleasure. His wealthy parents accustomed him to the sordid employments of those who, unmindful of their immortal souls, are as insatiably bent on accumulating shining ore, as if they were to live eternally on this heavy globe : but on his seeing the blessed Jesus, the hidden powers of his mind expanded : at a nod from Christ he followed him, leaving his employment, which had press’d him down to the earth, to the groveling souls who have no taste for the more substantial treasures of heavenly wisdom. Thus a brave hero, when called to hazard his life for his country, breaks from the charms of some fair princess. He enters the field. There the Most High arrayed in justice, guides the battle, and directs the hand of death. The great commander, rather call’d by the voice of injured Innocence, than the trump of Fame, shall receive the joyful acclamations of those he has deliver’d ; for just is his war, and if in the midst of slaughter, he remembers that he himself is a man, we will chant his name before the Eternal.’

The simile at the end of this, of a *brave hero breaking from the charms of some fair princess*, degrades instead of elevating the character of the apostle.—The thought of Satan’s appearing in a dream to Judas in the form of his deceased father, is one of the

best strokes in the poem ; we will therefore lay it before our readers.

‘ Judas (says our author) continued as in the sleep of death. To the dreaming disciple Satan, in the form of his father, appeared with disconsolate looks of grief and perturbation ; and with trembling accents, fraught with guile, thus spake :

‘ Dost thou here sleep, Judas, careless, and at thine ease ? still dost thou continue absent from Jesus, as if thou knewest not that thou art the object of his hatred, and that all his other disciples he prefers to thee ? why art thou not continually near him ? why dost thou not attempt to regain the favour of thy Lord ? Good God ! what fault have I, what crime hast thou committed, that I should be obliged to leave the region of death to lament the melancholy fate of thee, my son ? Ah dost thou suppose that thou shalt enjoy greater happiness in the new empire Christ is to erect ? how miserably art thou deceiv’d ! Peter and the favourite sons of Zebedee, will be greater and more mighty than thee ! treasures in a full stream shall flow to them from the spacious land. All the others too shall receive from the Messiah a much more splendid inheritance than my unhappy son. Come, Judas, I will shew thee his kingdom in all its glory. Rise with me : be not dismay’d ; but arm thyself with courage. Now thou seest before thee that endless chain of mountains, which cast their lengthening shades into that fertile valley. There gold shall be incessantly dug ; gold bright and glittering as that of Ophir : while the valley shall through the prosperous year pour forth a rich exuberance of blessings. This is the delightful inheritance of the favourite John. That hill, covered with pendant vineyards, and those wide-spreading fields, cloth’d with waving corn, the Messiah has given to Peter. Seest thou all the opulence of that smiling country, where cities rising in lofty splendor, each like Jerusalem, the king’s daughter, glitter in the sun, and with their innumerable inhabitants extend along the vale. Behold how those cities are water’d by the limpid streams of a new Jordan, which passes thro’ noble arches in the lofty walls. Gardens, resembling fertile Eden, wave their blushing fruit, over the golden sands on its happy shores. These are the kingdoms of the other disciples. But now, Judas, my son, observe that far distant mountainous country, wild, stony, and cover’d with wither’d shrubs. How barren, how desolate ! Above it rests Night in cold and drizzly clouds, and beneath, on the tops of the eminences, a sterile depth of ice and northern snow. That, O Judas ! is thine inheritance. In those gloomy regions thou, and the birds of night, thy companions, are condemn’d to wander solitary among the aged oaks. With what haughty——with what con-

temptuous airs will the happy disciples look down on thee ! they will pass by without condescending to observe thee ! Ah, Judas, thou weepest with indignation !——but in vain thou weepest !——in vain are all thy tears, while surrounded with despair, thou neglectest to help thyself ! yet listen to me, thy father, and I will disclose to thee my heart. Thou knowest the Messiah delays the promis'd redemption ; the Jews are still in subjection ; and he does not appear in haste to erect his new and glorious empire. Thou art also sensible, that the great are most averse to submit to the authority of the Nazarene king, and daily contrive his death. Do thou, therefore, deliver him into the hands of the priests, not to revenge his hatred to thee ; but that he may the sooner overwhelm them with irre-mediableness of infamy and confusion, and thus be oblig'd to found his long expected empire. Thou wilt then, as now, be the disciple of a dreaded master ; and wilt the sooner obtain thine allotted portion. This thou wilt also sooner improve by labour and industry, by tillage and trade, so as to give it some little resemblance to the more fertile inheritances of thy companions. Meanwhile of this thou mayst be certain, that the grateful priests will reward thee for delivering up Jesus, by giving thee a part of their riches. Now, Judas, follow the advice of thy troubled father. Thou canst not be deceiv'd. View me well, and observe my pale and faded visage. But thou awakest, Despise not my admonitions. I have now pointed out the means of thy deliverance, let me not then return melancholy and dejected to my abode among the souls of the dead.'

B O O K IV.

' Caiaphas assembles the Sanhedrim, relates his dream, and proposes the death of Jesus. Philo, a Pharisee, supposes the dream a fiction, but joins, with great vehemence, in recommending the death of Christ. They are warmly opposed by Gamaliel and Nicodemus. Judas has a private conference with Caiaphas. The Messiah sends Peter and John to prepare the passover. Peter sees Mary the mother of Jesus, Lazarus, Mary his sister, Semida, and Cidli, coming in quest of Jesus. The pious love of Semida and Cidli. Mary proceeds in search of Jesus, who stops at the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, near Golgotha. He proceeds to Jerusalem, and is met by Judas. Ithuriel, no longer able to continue that traitor's guardian angel, is made Peter's second angel. Jesus institutes the memorial of his death. Judas goes out. Jesus prays with his disciples, and returns to the mount of Olives.'

The contrasted characters, and opposite sentiments of Caiaphas and Philo, in this book, seem to answer no end or purpose but

but that of extending the poem; and the pious love of Mr. Klopstock's two imaginary beings, Semida and Cidli, which, like Mahomet's tomb, hangs between earth and heaven, is entirely out of nature.

B O O K V.

' God descends towards the earth, and is met by the wise men of the east, newly released from their bodies, one of whom addresses the Most High. He is seen by the first inhabitant of a guiltless world, who relates to his happy offspring what he has heard of the fall of man, and the coming of the Messiah. God rests on Taber. Jesus prays, when Adramelech coming to insult him, is by a look put to flight. The Messiah comes to his disciples, whom he finds asleep. He then returns to pray. Abbadona comes, and after mistaking John for the Messiah, finds him, and gives vent to his thoughts. The Messiah again returns to his sleeping disciples, and a third time prostrates himself in prayer, when God sends Eloa to comfort him by singing a triumphant song on his future glory. All the angels, except Eloa and Gabriel, withdraw, and God himself returns to his celestial throne.'

The ascent of the wise men of the east into heaven immediately after their deaths, is utterly repugnant to the idea of a general resurrection at the last day, as taught in the New Testament. Mr. Klopstock's guiltless world is, likewise, a world of his own creation, and brought into this poem for very little purpose: Abbadona's mistaking John for the Messiah is extremely ridiculous, as it is absurd to suppose spiritual natures could be so deceived.

B O O K VI.

' The Messiah is seized and bound. The assembled priests are filled with consternation at being inform'd that the guard were struck dead. Their fears are removed by the arrival of a second and a third messenger. Jesus being taken before Annas, Philo goes thither, and brings him to Caiaphas. John expresses the agitations of his mind. Portia, Pilate's wife, comes to see Jesus. The speeches of Philo and Caiaphas, with the evidence given by the suborn'd witnesses. Jesus, on declaring that he is the Son of God, is condemn'd. Eloa and Gabriel discourse on his sufferings. Portia, deeply affected, withdraws, and prays to the chief of the gods. Peter, in deep distress, tells John, that he has deny'd his Master, then leaves him, and deploras his guilt.'

Mr. Klopstock has in this book introduced a new character in the person of Portia, Pilate's wife: the part she sustains is but an indifferent one, and by no means interesting. To say the truth, our author's principal error throughout this performance, is quitting scripture and truth for fiction and ro-

mance. No mention is made of the temptation in the wilderness, no account given of the miracles or conduct of our Saviour, no recital of his parables, his sermon on the mount, or any of those striking passages which raise such wonder and astonishment in our perusal of the gospel history. But we will proceed to

B O O K VII.

‘Eloa welcomes the returning morn with an hymn. The Messiah is led to Pilate, and accused by Caiaphas and Philo. The dreadful despair, and death of Judas. Mary comes, sees her divine Son standing before the Roman governor, and, fill’d with grief, applies to Portia, who comforts her, and tells her dream. The Messiah is sent to Herod, who expecting to see him work a miracle, is disappointed: when Caiaphas observing his dissatisfaction, accuses Jesus, who, after being treated with derision, is sent back to Pilate. That governor endeavours to save him; but is prevailed on to release Barabbas, and condemn Jesus. He is scourged, arrayed in a purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and in this condition Pilate shews him to the people, to excite their compassion, but finding all in vain, he delivers him to the priests, who cause him to be led to crucifixion.’

There is nothing very remarkable in this book, except Portia’s dream, which is not, in our opinion, very interesting or poetical: but let our readers judge for themselves.

‘Socrates,—thou indeed know’st him not; but my mind exults at his very name; for the noblest life that ever man liv’d, he crown’d with a dignity in death, that did honour to such a life. That eminent sage has always been the object of my highest admiration. Him I saw in a dream: for he gave me to know his immortal name. I, Socrates, said he, whom thou admirest, am come to thee from the regions beyond the grave. Cease to place thine admiration on me. The Deity is not what we thought him. I in the shades of rigid wisdom, and thou at the altars, have gone astray. To reveal to thee the wonders of the Most High would exceed my commission. I only lead thee to the first step of the outer court of his temple. Perhaps, in these wonderful days, in which the greatest and most important event is seen on earth, a better and more exalted spirit may come, and lead thee farther in the way of truth and holiness. But thus much I may declare to thee, and this knowledge thou hast procur’d by thy singular goodness. Socrates no longer suffers from the cruelty of the wicked. There is no Elysium, no infernal judges, no Tartarus. These are only weak and chimerical fictions, the offspring of Ignorance and Error. Another Judge judges beyond the grave, whose wisdom com-

prehends

prehends all knowledge, whose justice is impartial, whose power is boundless, and whose goodness is infinite. Other suns shine than the fabulous luminaries of Elysium, and the felicity of the blest is pure, ineffable, eternal. But all actions are number'd, weigh'd, and measur'd, how then must the highest apparent virtue sink in real value! how is the boasted worth of the hypocrite scatter'd like dust before the whirlwind. The sincere are rewarded: the involuntary errors receive forgiveness. Thus I, on account of the sincerity of my heart, have obtain'd grace, and am happy. On earth I lov'd virtue; here I drink full draughts from its pure celestial spring. O Portia! Portia! how different is the state on the other side the tomb, from that we have imagin'd. Your formidable Rome is no more than a large assemblage of busy ants, and one sympathizing virtuous tear is of more value than a world. Oh deserve to shed such tears! What at present employs the fix'd attention of the celestial spirits, I have not yet perfectly discover'd, and stand adoring, rapt in wonder and surprize. The greatest of mankind, if I may presume to call him a man, suffers more than the sufferings of a mortal, and paying the lowest obedience to the Most High God, perfects all virtue. He suffers for the human race. Behold, thine eyes have seen him. Pilate now sits in judgment on thy Redeemer: but should his blood be shed, louder will it cry, than any innocent blood ever spilt.

' Here the venerable phantom paus'd, and then crying, Observe! instantly vanish'd. I look'd around me, and, behold, a black cloud soon cover'd all the azure sky with darkness, and descending, hover'd over the graves, which trembling, open'd, Over one of them the cloud separated, forming a lucid chasm, through which ascended a man stain'd with blood, follow'd by the eyes of multitudes dispers'd on the graves, who look'd upwards, with stretch'd out arms, as if longing to follow him, till he ascended above the clouds, which soon dispers'd. After this I look'd, and behold many bled and dy'd for him who had ascended on high. The earth drank their blood, and trembled. I saw the sufferers die; nobly did they suffer, and better were they than the men among whom we live. Now arose a tempest: dreadful it march'd along, spreading a thick gloom over all nature. Terrify'd I awoke.'——

B O O K VIII,

' Eloa comes from the throne of God, and proclaims that now the Redeemer is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round mount Calvary, also named Golgotha. Then, having consecrated that hill, he worships the Messiah. Gabriel conducts the souls of the fathers from the sun to the
mount

mount of Olives, and Adam addresses the earth. Satan and Adramelech, hovering in triumph, are put to flight by Eloa. Jesus is nailed to the cross. The thoughts of Adam. The conversion of one of the malefactors. Uriel places a planet before the sun, and then conducts to the earth the souls of all the future generations of mankind. Eve, seeing them coming, addresses them. Eloa ascends to heaven. Eve is affected at seeing Mary. Two angels of death fly round the cross. Eve addresses the Saviour, and the souls of the children yet unborn.'

If it were possible to make the divine truths of the gospel appear trifling and ridiculous, Mr. Klopstock's manner of treating them would certainly have that effect. The fallen angels perpetually put to flight by the seraphs, Uriel placing a planet before the sun, and Eve addressing the souls of future generations, are all circumstances so foreign to the subject, that it is amazing any author of common understanding could ever introduce them. But we must hasten to

B O O K IX.

'Eloa returns from the throne of God, and relates what he has seen. The behaviour of Peter, who joins Samma, and a stranger, and afterwards successively meets Lebbeus, his brother Andrew, Joseph and Nicodemus, and then returns to Golgotha, where he sees John, and the female friends of Jesus. A conversation between Abraham and Moses. They are joined by Isaac. Abraham and Isaac address the Messiah. A cherub conducts the souls of the pious heathens to the cross. Christ speaks to John and Mary. Abbadona, assuming the appearance of an angel of light, comes to the cross; but being known by Abdiel, flies. Abbadon conducts the soul of Judas to the cross, then gives him a distant view of heaven, and at length conducts him to hell.'

In this book the conversation of Abraham, Isaac, and Moses, is extremely tedious, and the repetition of one of the fallen angels put to flight disgusting.

B O O K X.

'God looks down from his throne, while the Messiah casts his eyes on his sepulchre, and prays; then with a look fills Satan and Adramelech with terror. Many elevated souls are now given to the earth, one of whom delivers his thoughts of the dying Redeemer. A character of these souls. A conversation between Simeon and John the Baptist. Miriam and Deborah lament the dying Saviour in a hymn. Lazarus comforts Lebbeus. Uriel gives notice that the first of the angels of death is descending

descending to the earth. The impression this makes on Enoch, Abel, Seth, David, Job, and more particularly on our first parents, who descend to the sepulchre of Jesus, and pray. The angel of death descends, addresses the Messiah, and makes known the divine command. The Messiah dies.'

Because there were not *souls* enough already in the poem, Mr. Klopstock has here brought in his *elevated souls*, which were given to the earth. Let us hear a little of their characters.

'Relate, O Sion's muse! (says Mr. Klopstock) relate their life. Relate their peculiar gifts and graces, while dwelling in tabernacles of clay, they passed their mortal pilgrimage, in sacred love and pious ardour; imitating the bright example of their Saviour. The effects of the new sensations they had experienced on beholding the dying Messiah, took root in all, and at length unfolding with their increasing perceptions, became mingled with the resplendent grace that flows from above.

'One of the fairest of these souls was thine, O Timothy! With ardent and with humble zeal didst thou watch over the church committed to thy care. Undaunted didst thou venture to preach a dying, risen Jesus. It was Paul, the chosen champion of the Mediator, against the mighty of the earth, who opposed the doctrine of Christ, the conqueror of death.—It was Paul who brought to him the knowledge of the Lord, out of that awful, that dazzling light which beam'd conviction. The pure soul of Timothy learnt, with tremulous joy, the way to eternal felicity, and taught it to thousands. Thousands too were converted by his death; when having nobly finish'd his course, he fell by the executioner's sword. Like Paul and Cephas, he, as a bright and resplendent luminary, shone in the church.

'Thou, Antipas, didst early receive the glorious rewards prepar'd for the faithful. Then the Judge of the earth, in his sentence on the church of Patmos, mentioned thine immortal name. With inflexible fidelity, with pure, with warm affection thou didst love thy crucified Lord, love him till death.

'Hermas, with tears of joy, sang the Mediator.—Sang him who dy'd, who rose again, who ascended on high, and led captivity captive.—Sang the Son of God, the Saviour of frail and mortal man.—The Son of God, who shall raise the dead—shall judge the world. His hymns were sung by Christians retired to solitary caves, when Hermas receiving an intimation of the will of the Most High, left the choir of his rejoicing brethren, joyfully suffered death, and went to join the more exalted choir above.

'Phebe, desirous of doing good, and winning souls, left the narrow limits that confine her sex, and generously devoted herself

self to the service of the church. She kindly strove to remove the distresses of the indigent ; to help the sick ; to comfort the dying. Heaven born Charity, her dear companion, was always with her ; but she fled from applause, and was known only to the pious, and to the angels.

‘ From every fluctuating doubt of false wisdom, Herodion at length was freed, and was convinc’d, that he who was not more exalted by miracles than by truth, had made known the Eternal Father’s will : dispers’d the shades of death, and mark’d the path that leads to heaven. Through what intricate mazes of thorny speculation did he wander, before he reach’d the light which God, at length, pour’d around him ! In what painful, what fruitless researches did he engage, before he found the lightness of the scale of human knowledge, and the preponderating weight of that of heavenly wisdom !’

He then proceeds to characterise Persis, Apelles, Flavius Clemens, Lucius, Tryphena, and a long &c. of them ; with what success the reader will judge from the quotation above. The best, and indeed only tolerable part of this last book is the hymn of Miriam and Deborah, on the dying Saviour, with which we shall conclude our extracts.

‘ O thou, once the most beautiful among men, thou, who was the fairest of the sons of women, how does death, with bloody hand, deform thy face !

‘ My heart is plung’d in softest sorrow, and clouds of grief surround me ; yet still to me he appears the most beautiful of men : of all the creation the most lovely : fairer than the sons of light, when, in lucid splendor, they bow before the Eternal.

‘ Mourn ye cedars of Lebanon, which, to the weary, afford a refreshing shade : the sighing cedar is cut down : of the cedar is form’d his cross.

‘ Mourn ye flowers of the vale, which grow on the banks of the silver stream ; ye must not encircle the Saviour’s head : it is already crown’d with piercing thorns.

‘ Unweary’d he lift up his hands to his Father in behalf of sinners. His feet, unweary’d, visited the dwellings of affliction. Now are they pierced. His hands and feet are pierc’d with cruel wounds.

‘ His divine brow, on this mount, he bow’d to the dust : from it ran, mingled, blood and sweat. Alas ! how is it now wounded by cruel thorns !—by his bloody crown !

‘ The soul of his mother is wounded as with a sword. Ah thou Son most gracious and divine ! have compassion on thy mother, and comfort her, lest, at the foot of thy cross, she die !

‘ Ah, were I his mother, and already in the life of bliss, a sword would still pierce through my soul !

‘ O Miriam ! his compassion-beaming eyes are almost extinguish’d, and hard he draws his breath, which still breathes nought but love. Soon will those looks no longer be directed towards the heavens.

‘ O Deborah ! a mortal paleness sits on his fallen cheeks, wet with the trickling drops of love. Soon will his divine head sink, on that cross, to rise no more.

‘ Thou, who shinest above, O celestial Jerusalem ! burst into tears of joy. Soon will the hour of affliction be past.

‘ Thou, who sinnest below, O terrestrial Jerusalem ! burst into tears of grief ; for soon, at thy barbarous hands, will the Sovereign Judge require his blood.

‘ The stars in their courses stand still, and all the creation is struck dumb, at the sufferings of her Creator !——At the sufferings of Jesus ! the everlasting High Priest ! the Redeemer ! the Prince of Peace !

‘ The earth also stands still, and from you who dwell on its surface, the sun has withdrawn his light. For this is Jesus ! the everlasting High Priest, the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace !’

As Mr. Klopstock’s Messiah is the work of an author who has made no inconsiderable figure in the world of literature, we have endeavoured to give our readers a perfect idea of the plan, conduct, and execution of it. With regard to ourselves we must acknowledge that we were greatly disappointed in the reading of it, as we expected, from the author’s known abilities, a much better performance.

It would be injustice to Mr. Collyer not to add, that his translation of the Messiah is just and elegant, and by no means inferior to Abel : we wish we could have said as much of the original.

ART. IV. *The Dupe. A Comedy. As it is now acting at the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, by his Majesty’s Servants. By the Author of the Discovery. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.*

WE have already * expressed our regard for the dramatic talents of this author, or, if the reader pleases, authoress, and shall therefore previously take the liberty of giving an account of the comedy before us, that the reader may be entirely unprepossessed as to the judgment we have been able to form of its merits. Sir John Woodall is a man of fortune, with a very bad heart, and a very wrong head, but easily managed by a mistress and a parasite, through their

* See Critical Review, vol. xv. p. 96.

seeming to oppose; yet secretly favouring, his foibles, the most striking of which is obstinacy. His mistress is named Etherdown, a woman who, with all the rapacious, extravagant, characteristics of her profession, is treacherous, cunning, and without the smallest spark of that whimsical good-nature, that kept mistresses have been often known to discover. She is so expert in managing Sir John, that, pretending remorse for her course of life, she prevails upon him to marry her privately, and obtains a promise that he will own his marriage, as soon as she shall produce him an heir. During a four months absence of her keeper in the country, a supposititious child is brought into the house, who is to pass for Sir John's at his return. This child was procured by the means of Sharply, who is Mrs. Etherdown's gallant, but pretends to be her brother; and is entertained by Sir John in the character of a steward, or humble dependent, from the art he has of raising the knight's importance, by letting his own behaviour down to that of a well meaning simple hanger-on. Rose, Mrs. Etherdown's maid, who has an intrigue with Sharply, and loves him, is an accomplice in the imposture.

Emily, a young lady, niece and heir to Sir John, and left, during his absence, in the house with, and in the power of, these three wretches, comes to some knowledge of Mrs. Etherdown's wickedness. She is in love with Mr. Wellford, an officer, who is expected every day from Germany. This officer, who is reciprocally in love with Emily, and his friend Mr. Friendly, have no characters by which they are marked, but that they do not appear to be bad men. Mrs. Friendly is strongly characterised by her loquacity, and circumlocutory conversation. The play opens with Emily insulted by Rose, the waiting-woman, who retiring, Mrs. Friendly comes in, and, with much difficulty, Emily learns from her that Wellford is returned, and that Mr. Friendly is to send his chariot for her in the evening. Upon this information, Emily, who is very strictly watched, unwillingly resolves to ask leave of Mrs. Etherdown to go abroad. The next scene changes to Mrs. Etherdown's chamber, where Rose presents her with a love-letter from Wellford to Emily, which she had intercepted, making an assignation at five o'clock at Friendly's, and mentioning his chariot. Some sparks of jealousy, with regard to Sharply, are discovered in Rose, who retires to listen; and it soon appears, that all the three conspirators are united only in imposing upon Sir John.

Sharply tyrannizes, in the next scene, over Mrs. Etherdown, whom he has in his power. She instigates him to ruin Emily, to whom he has offered his addresses, that her mouth may be stopt when Sir John returns; tho' he actually intends to marry her.

her. At last Mrs. Etherdown prevails upon him, for a sum of money, to wait with a chariot, at five o'clock, and to carry off Emily in it, (as she could not suspect but that it was Friendly's), to Mrs. Private's, a place of conveniency, where he was to force her to his purpose. Before they part, Mrs. Etherdown charges Sharply not to let Rose know any-thing of the matter, and he talks of that Abigail and her love for him with the greatest contempt. When both retire, Rose comes from her listening-place, sufficiently exasperated against both; and, resolving to blow them up, marches out of the house, as afterwards appears, for that purpose.

In the beginning of the second act, Sir John surprises Mrs. Etherdown with his return. She opens to him some circumstances of Emily's love for Wellford, and, upon the maid informing them that she has eloped, Mrs. Etherdown presents Sir John with the intercepted letter, and he resolves to talk with Friendly about it. The next scene discovers Friendly and Wellford, heartily vexed at Emily's not keeping the assignation. Mrs. Friendly comes in, and, after infinite circumlocutions, they understand that Rose is in the house. Friendly introduces her to Wellford, and she discover's Sharply's having trepanned Emily; upon which Friendly and Wellford, attended by Rose, set out for Mrs. Private's, to detect him. The scene then changes to Mrs. Private's, where Emily and Sharply are introduced. She vigorously opposes all his advances, either to courtship or rudeness; but, at last, he is confounded at her mentioning the name of Wellford as her lover, and offers to conduct her home, which she accepts of. As Sharply is handing her out, they are met by Friendly and Wellford, who immediately knows Sharply to have been a subaltern in the same regiment with himself, but broken for cowardice, after Wellford had saved his life. Wellford, thinking Emily and Sharply were reconciled, is enraged with her, and flies off. Friendly carries Emily away in his chariot, and secures Sharply and Rose in his own house.

The first scene of the third act opens with Mrs. Friendly, Emily, and Wellford. He pleads in vain to be reconciled with his mistress; and Friendly coming in, he tells him of Sharply's having informed him of Sir John's being married to Mrs. Etherdown. Wellford seems to be overjoyed at this, and offers to take Emily without a shilling; but she retains her resentment, and refuses to consent. Mean while Friendly had obliged Rose and Sharply to sign their confession of all they knew concerning Mrs. Etherdown's practices. The scene then changes to Sir John's house, where a kind of reconciliation is effected between Rose and Sharply. After this, the following scene passes, which we think is an admirable one; and we give it not only as a

specimen of the author's manner, but as a key to the directing characters of the play.

* *Scene a Chamber. A Table with Bottles and Glasses. Mrs. Etherdown sitting at it. Sir John half nodding in an Elbow Chair.*

* *Sir John.* I am so tired I can hardly keep myself awake. No news of this blockhead Sharply yet?—Come, why don't you take your glass?

* *Mrs. Eth.* La! Sir John, you know I hate it of all things.

* *Sir John.* What then, you abstemious jackanapes; one glass to welcome me home:—it won't poison you, will it?

* *Mrs. Eth.* Ay, as you say, Sir John; I can't refuse that, tho' it shou'd poison me. [*She fills a little drop. He nods again; and she fills a bumper and drinks.*]

* *Sir John.* Take off your glass, I say.

* *Mrs. Eth.* I vow I can't touch any more, Sir John; it gives one such a flushing in one's face, when one is'nt us'd to it.

* *Sir John.* Ay, this comes of your drinking water; nothing but water will go down forsooth:—why it is enough to kill you, you fool.—I am as sleepy as if I had taken opium. [*He nods again, and Sharply peeps in at the door and creeps over.*]

* *Sharp.* What, fast!

* *Mrs. Eth.* Hush—what has kept you so long!

* SCENE V.

* *Sharp.* Is t'other hundred ready? We are secure I warrant you.

* *Sir John rouses himself.* Secure! what are you secure of? Ha! Sharply, is it you? Shake hands, you whelp.

* *Sharp.* A--h, Sir John, did you pretend to be asleep! you are so full of tricks!—

* *Sir John.* Where have you been all this while? What the d—l has your blund'ring head been about now?

* *Sharp.* Been! why, I have been and dun'd every tenant you have in London, from top to bottom, this good day; and if I can get a cross from them, I wish I may never be worth one. I have been out since morning: my sister there can tell.

* *Mrs. Eth.* It's true, indeed, Sir John.

* *Sir John.* What were you saying about being secure!

* *Sharp.* Oh!—ay, we are secure enough for that matter. I was saying I had got security from that scurvy fellow there, that owes you a hundred pound. He that keeps the great inn there in what-de-call-um—

* *Sir*

* *Sir John.* In Holborn! ay, that's a sad dog! a sad dog! must turn him out.—But you are such a poor, soft, easy, quiet mungrel, let them but warm your heart with a bowl of punch, and make a poor mouth, and call you your honour, they may keep me out of my rent till dooms-day for you.

* *Mrs. Eth.* Ay, as you say, Sir John, he little knows the world.

* *Sir John.* I'll turn you off, by my soul, Sharply, if you don't learn to know the world.

* *Sharp.* I strive.—Ask my sister else.

* *Sir John.* Strive! poor devil; you do your best, I believe. Come, I'm glad you're come in; can't drink by myself;—and Madam here, won't touch a drop.—Sit down there.—Do you know that Emily is run away?

* *Sharp.* Miss Emily, Sir! our Miss Emily?

* *Sir John.* Ay, our Miss Emily, Sir.—How Sharply gapes at the news?

* *Mrs. Eth.* No wonder, Sir John.

* *Sharp.* Its only one of your jokes, may be, Sir John: you are such a joker! But I don't believe every thing you say for all that.

* *Mrs. Eth.* Its too true, as Sir John says.

* *Sir John.* I have found out the whole plot, though, you must know; and to-morrow I intend so to work Friendly about it.

* *Sharp.* Mr. Friendly! ay,——to be sure, he is a knowing man, and can give fine advice when a body's in trouble.

* *Sir John.* Confound your loggerhead! do you think I *want* advice, or would *take* advice, and from *him*? Why he is the whole contriver of the thing, man.

* *Sharp.* Who! Mr. Friendly, Sir?

* *Mrs. Eth.* Yes: Mr. Friendly! as Sir John says.

* *Sharp.* Lord! I'd never ha' thought that of him!

* *Sir John.* You'd never ha' thought! Why, you numscull, how the plague shou'd you think, that mind nothing but dunning of tenants, and then excusing them their rent? A good joke, i'faith.

* *Mrs. Eth.* That's true, indeed, Sir John; he knows nothing, poor soul, but the keeping his own books.

* *Sir John.* And a miracle 'tis to me, that he can do even that! Take him out of his figures, and my coach dog has more sagacity.

* *Sharp. laughs foolishly.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well, well, I wou'd not give my figures for all your wit:——now, Sir John, there's for you.

‘ *Sir John.* True! there you’re right, Sharply. Every man has his talent.’

After this Friendly enters, and Sir John, in a manner peculiar to himself, owns to him his marriage with Mrs. Etherdown, who enters with Sharply as Friendly goes out. After some humorous conversation on the part of Sir John and Sharply, the latter artfully, by seeming to contradict him, prevails on Sir John to send him for a lawyer, to settle two hundred pounds a year upon Etherdown.

The first scene of the fourth act exhibits Friendly’s house, and he confirms to Wellford the news of Sir John’s being married, but resolves to have another interview with him, to lay open all his wife’s practices, which he had learn’d from Rose and Sharply. The next scene changes to Sir John’s house. He finds his lady (Mrs. Etherdown) at her toilet, is surprised at the magnificence of its furniture, which she had taken up all upon credit, but more at her haughty airs; but is quite astonished when her jeweller comes in and leaves his bill, which amounts to a considerable sum; and understands that she has otherwise run fifteen hundred pounds in debt. Before Sir John recovers from his astonishment, Friendly enters, and discovers the practices of Etherdown against Miss Emily; on which Etherdown leaves the house in a rage. Sir John believes that Sharply has married Emily, but Friendly presents him with the confession of Sharply and Rose, where the imposture of the child is discovered; and informs him that Sharply is not Etherdown’s brother.

The first scene of the last act exhibits Emily and Wellford in Friendly’s house. She remains still inexorable against marrying him, and he is preparing to leave the town, when Friendly introduces Sir John, who, at last, is perfectly convinced of all his wife’s wicked practices. Friendly then informs Sir John that Wellford is his niece’s lover, for the first time letting him and Emily into the secret of the supposititious child, and that she was still the knight’s heir. Sir John consents to the match. Sharply and Rose are introduced and pardoned; and the play, naturally enough, winds up with the marriage of Emily and Wellford.

From this sketch of the plot and characters, slight as it is, the reader may, perhaps, think with us, that this comedy falls short of what might have been expected from the author of the *Discovery*.—We should have been glad to have found a little more originality, both in the characters and the plot; but the latter we apprehend to be the most defective as to conduct and probability. To mention none of the other circumstances, we cannot think it likely that an artful

woman,

such as Mrs. Etherdown, would subject herself to be discovered, preyed upon, and insulted by, two wretches; or, that she should lay her conduct open to Emily, who is most interested in exposing it. The story of the supposititious child does not seem to be quite natural; nor can we entirely approve of the propriety of Friendly's keeping the two lovers so long in the dark; and perhaps Mrs. Etherdown escapes better than, in strict poetical justice, she ought to have done.

As to the characters: three of them, those of Sir John, Sharply, and Mrs. Friendly, though not originals, are admirably well supported, and, in some places, improved. The loquacity of Mrs. Friendly is more according to life than any we have seen in that cast. Sharply is an exquisite and artful parasite; and Sir John acts very properly in the walk assigned him. We cannot, however, help being of opinion, that the author might have made this a better comedy had she retained the most striking foibles, particularly the opiniatry of Sir John, but have made him a man of sense. Such a character might, perhaps, have been inconvenient for the plot, but it would have exhibited a fine display of dramatic colouring, and, if properly managed, would have thrown the lights and shades of human nature into a more masterly disposition.

The author of this play has already shewn indisputable talents to entertain the public from the stage; and, tho' the piece before us is not unexceptionable with regard to the fable, sentiment, diction, &c. it is by no means contemptible: and if it had been carefully revised, and altered in some particular parts, would have met with deserved success.

ART. V. *The Mayor of Garret. A Comedy, in Two Acts. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. By Samuel Foote, Esq. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Vaillant.*

THIS (as indeed most of Mr. Foote's pieces for the stage are) may be termed a chromatic drama; an epithet well known to musical connoisseurs. The spirit and execution of it prove the art and hand of a master; but it contains just as much plot as serves to bring forth two or three capital characters into action, and give the ingenious mimic an opportunity of shewing his skill in that peculiar species of genius for which he is so eminently distinguished. The comedy might, therefore, be carried on to any length the author pleases, with equal amusement. This was undoubtedly the original manner of comedy, as well as of music, among the Greeks. It descended to the Romans under

the title of *fabulæ*, and continued in Italy and in some parts of Germany, till within these two hundred years, though under different modifications. But as this is a subject that does not at present lie properly before us, we shall proceed to the performance itself, by considering it as detached from all that embellishment of action, and power of voice and face, which rendered it so entertaining in the representation.

This comedy opens by the appearance of Sir Jacob Jollup, a regular, decent, practising, quack-believing justice of peace; and he is accosted by Mr. Lint, the apothecary, who wants to contract with his worship as operator for the maims, bruises, and other accidents that may happen at the election of the mayor of Garret, which was to be held that very day. In the course of this treaty, Lint, who had contracted to physic the parish poor by the lump, wants to make a separate bill of accidents, which Sir Jacob cannot agree to; and he turns the apothecary out of his house for railing at quacks, and for daring to question the reality of a cure, sworn before his brother magistrate Mr. Justice Drowsley.

On Lint's departure enters Mr. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, and major of the Middlesex militia, with his sword buckled on his right side (a circumstance, by the bye, which the spectator only is made acquainted with) but which possibly already lets the reader into his character. If any thing is wanting for that purpose, let him take the following dialogue.

‘ *Sir Jacob.* But, major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

‘ *Major.* A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

‘ *Sir Jac.* No!

‘ *Major.* No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

‘ *Sir Jac.* No doubt.

‘ *Major.* Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

‘ *Sir Jac.* How came that about?

‘ *Major.*

‘ *Major.* Why, it was partly the major’s own fault ; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action ; but he was resolute, and would not be rul’d.

‘ *Sir Jac.* Spirit ; zeal for the service.

‘ *Major.* Doubtless—But to proceed : In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth the evening before ; at day-break our regiment formed at Hounslow town’s-end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition : On we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardell is hanging ; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig’s-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat ; who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark’d in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop ; on they came thundering upon us ; broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

‘ *Sir Jac.* Terrible !

‘ *Major.* The major’s horse took to his heels, away he scour’d over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane ; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a dowse in the chops, and plump’d him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

‘ *Sir Jac.* Dreadful !

‘ *Major.* Whether from the fall or the fright, the major mov’d off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

‘ *Sir Jac.* As how ?

‘ *Major.* Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Patty-Pan, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and rob’d and stripp’d by a footpad.’

We should do injury to the proprietor of this inimitable performance, should we give any larger extracts from it, and we do injury to the performance itself should the reader conclude that what we have given has any merit, as to wit or humour, superior to the other parts of the play. After a long conversation concerning militia-matters and qualifications, the mob assembles without, to proceed to the election. Sir Jacob agrees that Crispin Heel-tap the cobbler should be the returning-officer ; and then the major hands in Mrs. Sneak, (married to Mr. Sneak the pin-maker), who takes care to assert the old vulgar charter of the sex, that *the grey mare is the better horse*. Mr. Sneak follows, loaded with his wife’s band-box, hoop-petticoat, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c. A very droll conversation ensues, in which Sneak shews

himself to be a perfect adept in passive obedience, as his wife does in matrimonial discipline. Upon Sneak's going out to look after the chaise-horse, a very particular conversation ensues between Mrs. Sneak and the Major, who conceive a reciprocal esteem for each other; and Sneak re-entering announces the arrival of Sir Jacob's other daughter, with her husband Mr. Bruin, who is as much a tyrant over his wife as Mrs. Sneak is over her husband. Mean time, Mrs. Sneak slips out and sends for the Major; Bruin then gives a specimen of his matrimonial authority over his wife, which encourages Sneak to disclose to his brother-in-law all the grievances he suffered from his wife, particularly her always helping him at table 'to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton;' 'I don't (continued he) think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married.' These, and other weighty considerations, induce Bruin to promise to back Sneak in rebelling against his wife; but the latter no sooner hears her voice without, than his heart begins to fail him.

The second act discovers all the company at Sir Jacob's house, before which the election comes on; the scene of which is the highest finished, but the most just ever exhibited in that walk of humour. There is a *bathos* as well as a sublime which no words but its own can describe; and this incommunicative property is the infallible characteristic of both. After this observation, the reader will not be surprised that we give no specimen of the humours of this election, which affords infinite merriment even in reading. While this election is going forward, the Major and Mrs. Sneak retire to a summer-house in the garden, but are observed and followed by Sneak, who, through a peep-hole, *saw what he saw*. He returns full fraught with this to brother Bruin, and in a whisper informs him of what had happened: but the election is now over, and Sneak, out of regard to his father-in-law Sir Jacob, is chosen mayor of Garret, though he afterwards appoints a *locum tenens* to act for him. While Sneak is exulting in this honour, and in the importance of his summer-house discovery, he hears Mrs. Sneak *axing* for the puppy; and, though brother Bruin had promised to stand by him, his heart fails him again. He, however, at last, plucks up a spirit, and tells her, 'you shan't think to Hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.' — Sneak then proceeds to be a perfect dragon, his indignation being stirred up — 'Besides, madam, (continues he) I have something

thing further to tell you : Ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids : There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.' Notwithstanding all this spirited resentment, Mrs. Sneak's genius has the ascendant, as Cæsar's had over that of Antony ; for when she is reinforced by her major, she obtains first a conquest, and then a triumph. A reconciliation being afterwards effected by Sir Jacob between her and Sneak, the curtain drops.

The most reprehensible circumstance we find in this performance is, that Mr. Foote has not given the follies of the Major and Mrs. Sneak a greater dash of vice, we mean that of hypocrisy. In all other respects the satire of the play is directed at once to a moral and a national purpose ; as nothing reflects greater dishonour, in the eyes of foreigners, upon the people of England, than the extravagancies, absurdities, and riots that attend popular elections, even those of a more important nature than that of a mayor of Garret. As to the personalities with which this piece has been charged, *qui caput ille facit*. We are Reviewers and not Players.

ART. VI. *Candid and Impartial Considerations on the Nature of the Sugar Trade ; the comparative Importance of the British and French Islands in the West Indies : With the Value and Consequence of St. Lucia and Granada truly stated. Illustrated with Copper-plates. 8vo. Pr. 4s. Baldwin.*

EVERY thing in these considerations is brought home to British subjects and a British government, and therefore is of more utility to this country than all the sentiments of a Solon, a Lycurgus, or a Confucius. The first argumentative point which our author, after a very proper introduction examines, is ' Whether the island of Granada, and its dependencies, be a just, that is, a full equivalent for the island of St. Lucia ?' In discussing this point, our author gives us a very entertaining history of the sugar manufactory, and its progress, in which he touches upon many particulars that, probably, are unknown to the generality of English readers, or to any man who has not made the sugar trade his particular object of study. The preference is by him given entirely in favour of Granada, for reasons which must appear very satisfactory to any man who reads this work or throws his eye upon the maps affixed to it. Though many of our readers may not be very conversant in commercial matters, yet the following history of the sugar-cane must be agreeable to all.

‘ The canes, which produce that sweet liquor of which sugar is made, grow in all the four quarters of the globe, and in three of them spontaneously. They were certainly known to the ancients, though what we call sugar was not; for the manufacturing the sweet juice of the cane into that form was the invention of the Arabians, who bestowed upon it the name it bears, calling it in their own language *succar*. It was brought by the Moors into Spain, and cultivated by them, with the greatest success, in the kingdoms of Granada, Valencia, and Murcia. In the two last it is made in great perfection, though not in great quantities, at this day; for though it is computed, that the Spaniards import to the value of at least a million of pieces of eight, in foreign sugars, yet this is owing entirely to an error in government, and the insupportable tax of thirty-six per cent. which has already reduced their sugar-works very low, and notwithstanding all the remonstrances that have been made upon this subject, may, very probably, in process of time, put an end to them.

‘ About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Spaniards introduced the manufacture of sugar, and very probably the canes, into the Canary Islands, where they thrived exceedingly; producing great wealth to the inhabitants, as well as a very large revenue to the crown. In 1420 the infant Don Henry of Portugal, the great promoter of discoveries, directed sugar-canes to be carried from the island of Sicily, to that of Madeira, where they prospered so happily, as that within a district of nine miles in compass, the fifth, which that prince reserved to his military order, amounted to fifteen hundred hogheads of sugar, each of a thousand weight; and consequently the whole produced seven thousand five hundred such hogheads; which in those early times, and when the vessels employed in trade were so small, was thought, and with great reason, a very considerable improvement.

‘ The same nation, having discovered and begun to plant the country of Brazil in America, turned their thoughts to the cultivation of the sugar canes, which they found naturally growing there, and prosecuted their endeavours with such effect, that chiefly from the profit they derived from this commodity, they began to form to themselves very extensive views; believing that from the advantages of situation, climate, soil and rivers, they might be able to carry their commerce higher than any other nation; to which predilection in favour of Brazil, some authors of good authority have ascribed the decline of their affairs in the East Indies. But these hopes, whether well or ill grounded, were frustrated by the invasion of the Dutch. The Spaniards having the like views with the Portuguese, by the direction of Ferdi-

nand

and the Catholic, carried sugar-canes from the Canaries to the island of St. Domingo, where they were first planted by Pedro de Atencia, and the first sugar-mill was erected by Gonzales de Velosa, in 1506. But, finding the natives unfit for these labours, they introduced Negro slaves, and thus we have traced the history of this commodity and manufacture, which had flourished from time immemorial in the East, to its introduction in the West Indies.

At what time sugar was first brought into England, it is difficult to say; but that it was in common use in 1466, appears from the record we have of the feast given by Dr. George Nevil, when he was installed archbishop of York, where it is said, there were spices, *sugared delicacies*, and wafers plenty. In that very old treatise entitled *The Policy of keeping the sea*, the author inveighing against the useless things brought by the Venetians from the Indies, adds, that they furnished but very few of the necessaries of life, except *sugar*. In succeeding times, we had this commodity, as may be collected from our old writers upon trade, from Spain, Sicily, Portugal, Madeira, Barbary, and other places; which as the use of it increased, may very probably be supposed to have created a desire of obtaining some country for ourselves, in which it might be cultivated, in a degree sufficient for our consumption.

The famous Sir Walter Raleigh, by his voyages to South America, in the reign of queen Elizabeth and king James, had raised so high an opinion of the riches of Guiana, that after his unfortunate death, the project of planting that country was pursued by Sir Olyff Leigh, who sent his brother thither, and afterwards by other gentlemen, who at length, desisting from their pursuit of gold and silver, were content to form plantations there, and, after occupying and deserting several places, at length fixed upon the mouth and banks of the river Surinam; which, though very little notice has been taken of it by our writers, seems to have been the first sugar colony we ever had, and to have grown by degrees to more importance than perhaps it has been judged proper to preserve in remembrance, as this country was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda. It may, however, be proper to take notice, in support of what has been said, that it appeared, a few years before it was given up, to have had sixty thousand inhabitants, two thirds of which were whites, who made there great quantities of sugar, ginger, indigo, and cotton, and by allowing all nations to live and trade there freely, without any civil, religious, or commercial restraint, employed about two hundred sail of ships, amounting in the whole to upwards of fifteen thousand ton. But though the country was given up, it was stipulated, that the people should

have

have full liberty to withdraw with their effects, and, in consequence of this, the greatest part of the English retired to some or other of our plantations.

‘ According to some accounts, a ship sent by Sir Olyff Leigh to the country of Guiana, first touched at Barbadoes. But according to others, this island was discovered by a ship of Sir William Curteen’s, returning from Fernambuco, in Brazil, about the beginning of the last century. It afterwards, as we shall more than once have occasion to mention, was granted by king Charles I. by patent dated June 2d, 1627, to the earl of Carlisle, together with other islands, upon pretence that he had been at great expences in settling them. The inhabitants spent near forty years in raising indigo, ginger, cotton, and tobacco; and then bethought themselves of sugar canes, which were brought hither from Brazil, and this, in the very short space of ten years, so changed their affairs, that the planters from being poor, grew to great opulence, and either importing or purchasing great numbers of Negroes from Africa, extended their plantations, not more to their own emolument than to that of their mother country, and it was owing to the sudden and surprising fortunes they made, that the value of the sugar trade came to be understood and cherished, as one of the most beneficial in which the English had ever engaged. In consequence of which several of the most eminent planters were, by king Charles II. created baronets, that it might appear the temple of honour was open to those who added to the strength of the nation, by improving the arts of peace, as well as to such who signalized themselves in her defence in a time of war.

‘ Those who were settled in our other islands, led by the example of the people of Barbadoes, introduced the manufacture of sugar likewise into them, and Jamaica being added to our dominions, produced a vast augmentation of sugar territory; so that during the latter moiety of the last century, we greatly exceeded all the other nations, who had hitherto dealt in this commodity, and no new formidable rivals as yet appearing, we carried it on with such advantage, as to export great quantities of sugar, even into those countries from which we had imported this commodity heretofore; particularly into the Levant, where by selling our sugars cheaper than they could make them, all the plantations formerly settled in the Turkish dominions gradually declined, and, except in Egypt, at last wore out. But in consequence of our making such immense quantities of sugar, it became requisite to take every method of promoting its consumption at home, in order to the support of our colonies: the foreign market having only a certain extent, the commodity was in danger of becoming a drug, if this expedient had not
been

been found to keep up its price. This, however, clearly shews, what a weighty change was made in our circumstances, in respect to this very valuable article of commerce.'

This author, through all the other parts of his work, discovers the greatest precision and candour, upon the very interesting subject he undertakes; and, as he proceeds upon facts, which must be intelligible to every man of common sense who reads them, however abstracted he may be from trade, we cannot help recommending his work to the serious perusal of the public.

ART. VII, *The Conference. A Poem.* By C. Churchill. 4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Kearsley, &c.

MR. Churchill's *lady* (we do not mean his *wife*, or his *mistress*, but his *musè*) has just brought him another chopping child, whom he has christened *Conference*, and which, if we are able to form any judgment from first appearances, looks as if it would live and thrive, as it seems to be very stout, and possessed of such stamina, as promise length of days: in other words, the *half-crown* poem before us, (if men will have *rarities* they must pay for 'em) is a nervous, manly, and well-written performance, and, in our opinion, infinitely superior to his last production. The *Conference* is a dialogue between the poet and his friend, whom, for reasons best known to himself, he thinks proper to call a *lord*, in imitation of Pope's imitation of Horace, Sat. I. B. II. and his poem intituled *Seventeen hundred and thirty-eight*. Churchill defends himself and his satires against his lordship, who makes use of prudential arguments to dissuade him from it: Mr. C. must, we see, in consequence of this plan, be himself the hero of the tale: we are not, therefore, so surprised to find the poem animated with a superior degree of poetic merit, because, if a man can talk well at all, he always does so when he talks of himself: from a gentleman of Mr. C's known courage and intrepidity, we had reason to expect, that, when my lord tells him, that, in spite of all his boasting, he would one day or other

—— 'give his honour for a crust of bread;'
the hero would reply as follows:

'What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On what she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know, nor care.'

He tells us afterwards, in very good verse, that some honest gentleman, when he was in great distress, saved him from a gaol; and that now, thanks to the press, he can walk the streets without fear of duns or bum-bailiffs: for all which inestimable blessings, he owns, with great gratitude, he is indebted to the public, to whom he thus makes his poetical acknowledgement,

‘ A gen’rous Public made me what I Am.
All that I have, They gave; just Mem’ry bears
The grateful stamp, and what I am is Theirs.’

We do not, indeed, remember any gentleman in the world of literature whom the public have so liberally contributed to support, or to whose decrees, how arbitrary soever, it hath so implicitly submitted, as to Mr. Churchill. But there is a very extraordinary circumstance in this poem, viz. That the author of it, who has long since made free with all mankind, hath here taken it into his head to censure himself in some lines which are, perhaps, the most severe in the whole performance. His noble friend says to him,

‘ Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led
By Reason’s hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue’s way
Farther than Folly would have dar’d to stray,
And that the talents lib’ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.’

To which our culprit bard, pleading guilty to the indictment, thus replies;

‘ Ah! what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more, or less than man;
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
’Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurl’d,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If All, if All alas! were well at home.
No—’tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells

Each circumstance of guilt ; where stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review ;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call,
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,
The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own."

What crime it is that lies so heavy upon Mr. C—'s conscience we cannot pretend to determine : the lines (be it what it will) seem to come from the heart ; and as such, may, by the generous part of mankind, be considered as some attonement for it. When his friend tells him, that he shall, one day or other, see him change sides, he replies, with great spirit,

' May I, (can worse disgrace on manhood fall ?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul ;
May I (tho' to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end ;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold ; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend ; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of Virtue is forgot ;
Of all those evils which, to stamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a Hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one amongst the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own."

Nor are the following verses less animated.

— — — — — ' tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room,
Tho' he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat,

The

Tho' both, in ill confed'rates, should agree,
 In damned league to torture Law and Me,
 Whilst GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure ;
 Not to be guilty, is to be secure.'

There are several other passages in this poem equally striking and poetical ; at the same time, we cannot but lament in this, as in the rest of this gentleman's productions, that want of accuracy and correctness, which throws such an air of slovenry over the whole. Some lines are quite poor and prosaic, and some expressions low and vulgar ; such as

' Churchill, you have a poem coming out,
 You've my best wishes, but I really fear
 Your muse in general is too severe.'

and a little after,

' Starv'd ! pretty talking ! but I fain would view
 That man, that honest man, would do it too.'

After this strong line

' But anxious only for my country's good,'

how does the second limp after it ?

' In which my King's, of course, is understood.'

The poem is, upon the whole, (these and a few more such little marks of carelessness excepted) one of Mr. Churchill's best pieces, and will give our readers pleasure in the perusal.

ART. IV. *The Author.* By C. Churchill. 4to. Pr. 2s. 6d.
 Flexney, &c.

IT is but justice to Mr. Churchill to acknowledge, that his reputation, as a poet, seems to rise and increase with every performance : the Conference was much superior to the Ghost, and the Author is, in our opinion, a better poem than the Conference. The sentiments throughout are, for the most part, noble and manly, the satire finely pointed, the expression strong and nervous : how far Mr. C. is justifiable in his severe censures on particular persons, we will not pretend to determine. Nor have we any thing to do with his political or moral character ; certain it is, that what Shakespeare says of the players may, with great propriety, be applied to him, ' they are the abstract and brief chronicle of the time ; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you liv'd.'

The Author opens with a spirited satire on the degeneracy of modern times with regard to learning and genius, which, he tells us, with great truth, are at present quite out of date, and thus severely describes university education.

‘ O’er crabbed authors life’s gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev’ry pedant’s rules,
For seven long years debarr’d of lib’ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praise each senior blockhead’s thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his place.’

In comparing the past and present times he takes the opportunity to pay the deserved tribute of praise to some of our best writers.

‘ Is this the land, where, on our Spencer’s tongue,
Enamour’d of his voice, Description hung ;
Where Johnson rigid gravity beguil’d,
Whilst Reason thro’ her critic fences smil’d ;
Where Nature list’ning stood, whilst Shakespear play’d,
And wonder’d at the work herself had made ?’

Poets in all ages, from Juvenal and Horace to Boileau and Pope, have made free with nobility, and endeavour’d to ridicule that species of pride which arises from birth and titles : but amongst them all we do not remember to have met with finer lines than the following.

‘ What’s in this name of *Lord*, that we should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear ?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch’s veins ?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Would’st thou, proud man, be safely plac’d above
The censure of the muse, deserve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought ;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn’d* those honours, Thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue’s heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame,

If

If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,
 The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
 Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
 Would drive him, shudd'ring from the face of earth
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
 In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
 If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more
 Than ever king a scoundrel made before:
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
 Tho' God in vengeance had made Thee a king,
 Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
 The muse shall drag thee trembling to the light,
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
 To the keen question of the searching air.'

He goes on to describe the powers of satire, and exclaims with great spirit,

'Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When Satire flies abroad on Falshood's wing,
 Short is her life indeed, and dull her sting;
 But when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.'

These lines are nervous and animated, but, at the same time, much inferior to Pope's * on the same subject.

The latter part of this poem is employed in personal reflections, and most severe strictures on three or four characters very well known: but, that the reader may not be subject to any mistake, Mr. Churchill has given us the names of Murphy, Guthrie, Francis, and Kidgell, at full length. Such of our readers as have an inclination to indulge their resentment against any of those gentlemen, will find great pleasure in this part of the poem, which for the reasons given in a former † article, we shall make no extracts from: but take our leave for the present of our redoubted satirist, and wish him a good journey to Berlin.

* See his Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. II.
 O sacred weapon, &c.

† See our Review of the first and second parts of the Ghost, vol. xiv. p. 301.

ART. VIII. *Each Sex in their Humour : Or, the Histories of the Families of Brightley, Finch, Fortescue, Shelburne, and Stevens. Written by a Lady of Quality, whilst she was abroad on her Travels, and found among her Papers, since her Decease. In Two Volumes. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Noble.*

THE great and deserved success of Richardson and Fielding has spread the taste of novel-writing and novel-reading throughout the kingdom, and, as Pope says of Palladio and Lord Burlington,

“ Fill’d half the world with *imitating fools*.”

The booksellers, those pimps of literature, take care every winter to procure a sufficient quantity of tales, memoirs, and romances for the entertainment of their customers, many of whom, not capable of distinguishing between good and bad, are mighty well satisfied with whatever is provided for them : as their female readers in particular have generally most voracious appetites, and are not over delicate in the choice of their food, every thing that is new will go down. The circulating librarians, therefore, whose very beings depend on amusements of this kind, set their authors to work regularly every season, and, without the least grain of compassion for us poor Reviewers, who are obliged to read their performances, pester the public with their periodical nonsense.

The excellency of Mr. Noble’s novel *manufactory* is already so well known as to make it almost unnecessary to say any-thing concerning this work, which has an equal degree of merit with most writings of the kind which have been lately produced. It was written, it seems, as we are informed in the title page, and in the editor’s preface, by a *Lady of Quality*, whilst she was abroad on her travels (ten to one but it was Lady W—— M——) and found amongst her papers since her decease. ‘It was written (says Mr. Editor) in a character which carried with it evident marks of a female hand, and was interlined in many places ; by which, and the frequent omission of words necessary to the completing the sense, it should seem to be a hasty production of its fair writer, and from which a correct copy was intended to be taken. Whether this was ever done is a secret to the editor. Some few insertions also shewed, that the work had undergone a slight revisal and addition, many years after it was first undertaken ; as allusions to things, and quotations from authors, sometimes occurred in them, which carried proofs of a more modern date than that in which her ladyship was abroad, and even long after her return to her native country.

‘ On the outside covering was written, in the same character, these words :

“ This trifle was begun at a time when I had nothing better to do, and carried on at intervals of leisure, while I was a voluntary exile from almost all I loved. The materials of which it is formed, I had of the countess of —— who was well acquainted with several of the characters (particularly with those I have endeavoured to conceal under the name of Brightley) and at whose particular request it was undertaken.”

The ascribing this performance to a *Lady of Quality* is so stale a device, that we think a person of any degree of modesty must have been ashamed of endeavouring to palm it upon the public.

The performance, however, whether it was written by a lady of *quality* or *no quality*, a lord or a garreteer, will afford the reader of taste but little entertainment ; as the incidents and circumstances of the fable are very common and uninteresting, the characters ill chosen and ill drawn, and the style extremely coarse, low, and contemptible. Those who are fond of delicacy and correctness of expression may learn it from this author, who tells us that such-a-one was *recently deceased* ; that another’s heart was *encrusted* with avarice ; that Miss Stapleton’s heart was not *informed* of filial sensibility. He talks of Mrs. Shelburne’s *illiteracy* ; tells us that the curate *played least in fight* ; that Sir William, the hero of his tale, found his *expressions inadequate to his sensations* (there’s a high flight for you) ; in another place he acquaints us with Sir William’s *irresolute resolution* ; talks of the old gentleman’s *kicking off the turf*, &c. &c.

If any of our readers are ambitious of knowing how to write love-letters, the following epistle from the curate to Miss Brightley will furnish him with a complete model.

‘ To the most accomplished and respectable Miss Brightley,

‘ These humbly present.

‘ MADAM,

‘ If I may presume to address a lady of your superlative merit, in the strain of an humble admirer, permit me to assure you, that, for delicacy, sincerity, and ardour, no heart was ever informed with so proper a passion as mine. Long has the bold declaration been suppressed, by the apprehension of its being unworthy the consideration of, and offence to, so pure and exalted a mind as yours. But ah, madam, though expressions can be commanded, actions are involuntary, and, consequently, irrestrainable. The many tender incoherences by which I have betrayed my aspiring wishes, I fear, have been too obvious. Yet has the generosity of your disposition prevailed over your too just resentment, and obtained for me (pardon my extreme
vanity,

vanity, but I do flatter myself) a larger share of pity than contempt.

‘ Had not my sister made an accidental visit to this part of the world, my presumption had never reached your candid ears: but she, perceiving the violent and painful constraint I laboured under, was compelled, by her affectionate concern, to the rash attempt of striking out the path of felicity for me, by engaging your noble compassion for my sufferings.

‘ How just the judgment she formed of your tender nature, is evinced by the happy event. By her intercession I thus dare to cast myself at your feet, and by her encouragement lift up my eyes to your benign aspect, with the ineffable hope of being honoured, after due probation, with such a part of your condescension and favour, as numbers have, undoubtedly, solicited in vain. In an humble reliance on your unexampled goodness, and an entire submission to your future pleasure, I assume the honour of subscribing myself, madam,

‘ Your most devoted,

‘ obsequious admirer, and

‘ very humblest,

‘ RICHARD SLAUGHTER.’

The late Henry Fielding, of facetious memory, was remarkably happy in that grave kind of humour which distinguished his writings, and which the author of this flimsy novel has endeavoured to imitate: observe, gentle reader, how he apes his master.

‘ The bald deity, ycleped Time, under such circumstances, could not be supposed to fly, but rather, to move in hobbling pace; a motion, seemingly, more adapted to his decrepid figure, than that of fleetness. Nevertheless, so impatient was Mr. Foretsue at his delay, that he would not have hesitated, had his venerable lock been within his reach, to have extended his profane hand (so oft employed in grasping the retaining fee) to seize it, and thereby hasten his slow advances.’

We may judge of our lady of quality’s descriptive talents by the following account of Mrs. Stephens’s cottage.

‘ Its situation was on the declivity of a hill, the brow and descent of which was adorned with various flowery shrubs, sweetly interspersed, the fragrance whereof perfumed the ambient air. At the bottom of this Parnassus was a grove, where the loves and graces might have delighted to wanton. A little rivulet, sweeping with a serpentine gracefulness, contributed not a little to heighten the beauty, and refresh, by its frequent overflowing, the surrounding verdant meads. Six lambkins gambolled on the lawn, and cropped the grass and frolicked at their

will. At a small distance was a rookery; the solemn stillness, the lofty pines, and melancholy caw of the black inhabitants, pleased Miss Fortescue extremely, and, for the first time, extorted from her expressions of approbation.

It would be taking up too much of our readers time, which, we imagine, may be better employed, to give any more extracts from this despicable performance; if any of them, notwithstanding, are in want of sleep, we would recommend it as an excellent soporific, and wish them a good nap over it.

ART. IX. *A new English Translation, from the Original Hebrew, of the Three First Chapters of Genesis; with marginal Illustrations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Abraham Dawson, M. A. Rector of Ringsfield, Suffolk. 4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Field.*

AN enemy never has it more in his power to do an injury than when he borrows the mask of friendship; and religion has never suffered wounds half so severe from the scoffs and insults of declared infidels, as from the insidious attacks of Free-thinkers, who, the more securely to effect their purposes, assume the external appearance of the philosophical inquirer, or the zealous divine.

That the author of this translation, with illustrations and notes, is, in effect, a Deist, is evident from the opening of his preface, where he tells us that he has endeavoured faithfully and exactly to translate his author, whoever he was, adding, that whether we suppose him to have written his account of the original formation of things, and the state of our first parents under the immediate direction of divine revelation or not, we cannot but allow the piece to be of the highest antiquity, and the subjects treated in it to be most interesting and engaging. From this declaration, it evidently appears, that our author has adopted the received opinion of modern Free-thinkers, namely, that all knowledge is inspiration; and that the apostles cannot be said to be inspired, except in the same sense in which inspiration may be ascribed to Newton, Homer, or any other person of distinguished genius and abilities.

In page the 6th of his preface, the translator, after having laid before the reader the plan which he has followed in his work, adds, that he would rather be censured as too minute and particular, than accused of rashness, and taking too great liberties with antient and venerable writings, with sacred or inspired ones, or at least *deemed* to be so.

This is an open profession of scepticism; and yet our author, in the whole course of his commentary, assumes the character of
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a believer, at the same time that he does his utmost to sap and undermine many of those doctrines which have been maintained by zealous Christians, as highly important and closely connected with religion.

We must own, however, in justice to this writer, that his translation discovers a very considerable knowledge of the Hebrew language; and if he had contented himself with displaying his critical abilities only, his work could not have failed to meet with a favourable reception from the friends of Christianity. Impartiality obliges us to approve likewise of the plan which he proposes to promote the undertaking of a new version of the Hebrew scriptures; nothing, indeed, can more contribute to the success of such a design than a coalition amongst men of learning and abilities, who should make it their business to examine the present translation—to consider in what instances it wants amendment, by proposing to the public, from time to time, their translations of, or observations upon, such portions of scripture, as, in their opinion, stand most in need of them.

Notwithstanding our approbation of this plan, we should be sorry if the execution of it were to be undertaken by sceptics and free-thinkers; and that the author of the work before us has incurred a suspicion of being such, will appear still farther from our strictures on his notes. In his remark upon the words ‘now they were not ashamed,’ he endeavours to refute an observation made by Dr. Nicholls, in his conference with a theist, and in so doing, reasons upon sceptical principles, and shews a willingness to reject any hypothesis favourable to revealed religion. The doctor has urged, that it is a very good argument for the excellency of the Mosaic account of the fall, that it furnishes us with the *rationale* of that *Pudor circa res venereas*, which has utterly baffled all human reason. The doctor defies the wit of mankind, and, in our opinion, justly, to give any satisfactory reason for this innate bashfulness. Upon this our author asks, as it were, in triumph, how is this difficulty cleared up? How can this sense of shame be the consequence of eating the fruit of certain trees? This is evidently a misrepresentation. The sense of shame above-mentioned cannot reasonably be supposed to be the consequence of eating the fruit of any particular tree, if it be considered in no other light; but it may very naturally be supposed to be the consequence of disobeying God by such an act: and it is evident that the author, instead of considering it in that point of view, has the same opinion concerning it with other deists and free-thinkers.

Our critic in theology makes a second and still plainer discovery of his principles, by maintaining that the scripture-account of the fall should not be considered as an historical nar-

rative, but as an apologue, or moral fable. But if we were to consider it in this light, we might as well assert the whole scripture-history, as far as it contains any thing miraculous or supernatural, to be nothing else but a series of allegories, calculated to convey moral truths to the minds of men. The miracles of our Saviour have been thus explained away by Woollaston, one of the bitterest enemies to Christianity that ever wrote, though he, with unparalleled confidence, asserted that, to promote the glory of the blessed Jesus, was his sole motive for writing. So far are we from subscribing to the opinion of our theological critic, that we rather accede to that of those eminent divines who consider the sentence pronounced against the serpent as the source from which all the mysteries of the Christian religion are derived. The learned and pious bishop Sherlock has considered it as a most sure word of prophecy, the first and original prophecy, the ground-work and foundation of all that have been since, and indeed of all religion, and of all our hopes of God's mercy. He has indeed been answered by Dr. Middleton; but this latter reasons upon deistical principles throughout his whole work, and discovers a degree of warmth and animosity that cannot but invalidate his arguments. This is not the only instance of a clergyman's writing against the cause of religion; the above-named Woollaston, who poured out the most atrocious blasphemies against our Saviour, was likewise in orders.

Our critic in theology then proceeds to talk in terms equally sceptical of the cherubim which God placed at the entrance of Paradise, with a flaming sword, to keep Adam and Eve out of it; he first asserts that the historian could mean nothing, by these but an appearance transient and momentary, or, at most, of a very short duration. Not satisfied with this, he afterwards endeavours to render the existence of the cherubim doubtful, and does his utmost to refute every hypothesis concerning them. He rejects, as chimerical and fanciful, that of the author of an Essay upon the dispensations of God to mankind, namely, That a certain great Being, who personated and represented the most high God, had a fixed residence in the world till the flood, and probably at the entrance of Eden, with cherubim and a glory, called a flaming sword; which cherubim seems to be an host of angels attending this great being, or glory. This hypothesis, though it has been adopted by many Christians, is unsupported by the authority of scripture; but our critic has expressed himself concerning it in terms rather too contemptuous. He next considers an observation made by archdeacon Sharp, in his third sermon on the cherubim. That author had advanced, and, in our opinion, all Christians will agree with him, that it has been a notion almost universally received, that the cherubim at Pa-
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radise were created spirits; and that the golden cherubim in the most holy place of the tabernacle were material representations, or emblems, of angels, or ministering spirits. In support of this opinion the doctor cites the several texts of scripture from which it is taken. Our critic, in discussing this point, concludes, that the most obvious and natural account of the cherubim is, that they were mere ornaments of the tabernacle, without use or meaning in any other respect. He adds, in support of this assertion, that the Hebrew word *Chrb*, according to Aben Ezra and others, signifies nothing more than a figure, representation, or piece of sculpture, and, having absolutely rejected the opinion of those who maintain the cherubim to be emblematical of angels, as well as that of those who consider them as emblematical of the church, he concludes that this word cherubim admits of such a latitude of interpretations, that every man should be allowed to have his particular opinion concerning it. What his own was he has not openly declared; but we cannot help suspecting that he inclines to the system of the Sadducees, who denied the existence of angels and created spirits.

Having thus closely followed our author through all the subterfuges of scepticism, we shall conclude by acknowledging his learning and abilities in criticism, which we could wish had rather been employed in the support of religion, than misapplied in propagating a dangerous spirit of incredulity; for that he is a sceptic in religion is evident from what we have laid before the reader, and equally so from the conclusion of his book, where he insinuates, that all or most of the subjects contained in the three chapters by him translated and illustrated, are of such a nature, that every man may inoffensively claim a liberty of thinking concerning them as he pleases. We cannot, however, see the propriety of using the word *inoffensively* upon this occasion, as he, in the same breath, asks the question, whether he may advance such a position *without offence*?

ART. X. *The Complete Duty of Man: Or, a System of Doctrinal and Practical Christianity. To which are added, Forms of Prayer and Offices of Devotion, for the various Circumstances of Life. Designed for the Use of Families.* By H. Venn, A. M. Vicar of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, and late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Newberry.

THIS is the performance of a sober serious Christian divine, who frankly tells us that 'it would be want of candour to the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, not to own that it is an excellent system of Christian morals, and as such it is heartily recommended, only with this caution to the reader of it, that he would not let the title mislead him to take a

part for the *whole*, but ever remember the great and fundamental duty of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. He may then take it into his hands, as a proper help to convince him more and more of his sin, to keep him close to Christ, and be a direction to him in his Christian walk.'

The truth is, the great aim of the author of the old *Whole Duty of Man* was to reclaim his countrymen from enthusiasm to morality; that of the present work is to awaken them from infidelity to devotion. Both works are adapted to the times in which their authors wrote. The former lived at a period when the church and state were buried under the ruins of virtue as well as religion. Mr. Venn lives at a time in which the generality of those who call themselves Christians, seem to think that all their duties are bounded by the practice of morality. To enlarge their minds as Christians as well as men, and to unite the religious with the social duties is the scope of this performance. It is divided into Sunday exercises, each of which ends with a prayer, extremely well adapted to the preceding discourse. The exercise of the first Sunday treats of the excellency of the soul, in a most pathetic manner, and is proper to raise the ideas of the reader above those of the most exalted moral philosopher, unassisted by the Christian religion. The following strictures on the vanity of preferring the body to the soul, are penned in a style so affecting, that it could be dictated only by the feelings of the mind, and are as rational as they are religious.

'The elegant lovely form, which captivates the eye of almost every beholder, and fills the mind that wears it with perpetual vanity, ill rewards the anxious carefulness used to preserve it. For not a day nor an hour is it secure from the blasting powers of sickness, or the inroads of untimely death.

'The place of honour, and the name of applause, for which thousands are glad to sacrifice their ease, to sell their liberty, is worth little care, since it is subject to all the caprice of fickle-minded man. Since so many, once the favourites of a court, the idols of a kingdom, have lived to see all their blooming honours wither them, and their names sink into oblivion, if not contempt.

'If you are ambitious to climb the envied summit of literary fame; and shine without a rival great in acquisitions of knowledge; yet in one fatal hour, some sudden paralytic stroke, some violent fever, may disorder the very structure of your brain, rattle all the cells of knowledge, and wipe away from your memory the very traces of all that has been committed to its keeping. Thus may you be left the sad survivor of yourself. A mortifying spectacle to human pride; a melancholy, but irresistible proof,

proof, how easily men may rate the attainment of human knowledge higher than its precarious tenure deserves.

‘ If your great end and aim is to become rich, of chief eminence in your trade, able to command all outward things which can minister to your vanity or pleasure, still hold unworthy your supreme desire and care is such a condition, because absolutely insecure! Life itself, the foundation of all temporal enjoyments, is but as a beauteous vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanishes away. Each day, we know, is translating some of the successful opulent sons of industry, into a world where not a mite of all their gain can follow them.

‘ Nay, if you are ingrossed by the care of providing for those tender pledges of God’s love to you, the offspring of your own body, whom you are a monster of cruelty to neglect; here also you may suddenly be wholly disappointed. Your darling child, the living image of yourself, how impotent are you to preserve its invaluable life from perils, and from fierce disease! When parted from you on a visit or some business, you may, like Sifera’s fond mother, be chiding his delay, and, with all the impatience of love, asking, Wherefore is my son or daughter so long in coming? whilst some appointment of God has taken away the desire of your eyes with a stroke.

‘ Thus, if you take a full survey of every thing to which the children of men give up themselves, and seek with greatest anxiety to enjoy or make provision for; compared with a superior tender feeling for the soul, and steady regard to its interests, how vain is it? Nay, whatever it be, except the soul, that you are careful about, it has still this most degrading circumstance attending it, it has the condition only of an annuity for life: each successive year makes a considerable decrease in its value, and at death the whole is at an end for ever.

‘ But if your principal care and solicitude is for the salvation of your soul, all the unexpected disasters, disappointments and deaths, which harass the sinful children of men, will be proofs in a way the most affecting, of the supreme wisdom of your choice, and the unrivaled excellency of your pursuit. Even the tears, that stream down the cheeks of the miserable and disappointed in worldly schemes, will pronounce you blessed, who are athirst for your immortal soul’s salvation. Are you conscious of its worth? are you striving in daily intercourse with God, its Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, to secure its eternal welfare? Then you may set all the evils that terrify the human race at defiance. Your inferior dying part they may wound, but they cannot strike deep enough, or reach high enough to hurt your soul. In the midst of what, otherwise, would prove misery insupportable,

supportable, your wise choice will cover you like armour, and refresh you as a sovereign cordial.

‘ Are you in poverty, and treated with scorn by the sons of pride? you will have examples and prospects more than sufficient to support you. You will read your own case in the sufferings of Job, and in that completest picture of poverty and true faith dying Lazarus. You will see with peace and patience, how united, for a small moment, the deepest distress, and the surest title to the love of God may be. In every such instance, where care for the soul has prevailed, you will see that sufferings, though long and grievous, add both to the weight and brightness of future glory.

‘ In sickness also, the supreme wisdom of having been careful above all things for your soul, will manifest itself with shining distinction and eminence. For though health is absolutely essential to a sensitive happiness; though the least ach, or bodily disorder, dashes in pieces all the enjoyments of the proud and careless; it is at such seasons that the soul, where due care has been exercised in the ways appointed of God, finds sources from whence to derive consolation under the most violent pressures; consolation sufficient to banish both outward impatience and inward dejection from their accustomed throne, the chamber of sickness and pain. With a meekness infinitely lovely and edifying to behold, you will regard such discipline, though trying to sense, and oppressive to the flesh, as prepared by the all-wise and merciful Refiner, to purge away every base mixture that still cleaves to and defiles your soul. The interests of your soul, dearer to you than all external comforts, will induce you to welcome the visitations which are of such sovereign use to promote its health. In short, in sickness the whole man is a miserable sufferer, where the soul has been forgot; where earnestly cared for, in God’s appointed way, only the least valuable part of the man is affected.

‘ To advance still further: death, the detector of all cheats——death, the touchstone of all true worth, and therefore, to those whose care every thing but their souls has shared, the king of terrors, even death itself, will confirm the supreme wisdom of your conduct. The death-bed, on which the gay, the prosperous, and the noble, hang down their heads appalled and confounded, is the theatre for displaying their fortitude, who have sought, as the one thing needful, the salvation of their souls. The former are confounded, because unprepared for the combat. The loss of all they valued is coming upon them: their approaching change can promise them nothing; it is much if it forebode not dreadful consequences, even reserves of woe and endless ages of torment. To the latter, the careful seekers after
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the salvation of their souls, every thing wears another aspect: must the world be left by them? it has been already renounced and vanquished: must all temporal good be forsaken for ever? how placid, how calm the surrender, when the riches of eternity are beginning to appear their own: no striving, no querulous repining voice against the irresistible summons to depart, when that very departure has been habitually expected, as a translation of the soul to its proper everlasting happiness.'

'The scripture character of God' employs the second Sunday, and our author illustrates it with all the touches of the true sublime on that head which are to be found in holy writings. The third Sunday contains 'the character and condition of man with respect to God,' which very properly introduces for the fourth Sunday a discourse 'on the nature of true and false repentance: the reasons why all are commanded to repent; and the means of attaining repentance.' Next follows Sunday the fifth, 'on the perfection, use, and abuse of the law.' Here the author's reasoning is equally serious and solid. 'The nature and extent of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the advantage of rightly conceiving the precise meaning of this fundamental grace,' is the subject of the sixth Sunday. Here and in the next chapter for Sunday the seventh, 'on the foundation of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,' our author explains his own sentiments on the important doctrine of faith. In the eighth chapter he vindicates 'the divinity and work of the Holy Ghost,' and the ninth chapter shews the superiority of the Christian to all other moral systems, by treating of 'the tempers of a Christian towards God and their motives.' Next naturally follows 'the tempers of a Christian towards his fellow creatures,' which subject the author discusses with the greatest calmness and precision, but divides it in two parts, the subject being so copious and practical.

Mr. Venn then applies himself to the more circumstantial exercises of religion; and his eleventh Sunday treats 'of the duty of a Christian in a married state, and in a domestic relation.' This head is handled copiously not only in a religious but a social light. The important doctrine of self-denial takes up the twelfth Sunday, as the devotional duties do the thirteenth, and both of them are extremely well calculated for bringing down the pride of human nature to its proper standard. The fourteenth Sunday closes our author's exercises, and treats 'of the source of delight, peculiar to believers in Jesus Christ.' This head is likewise divided into two parts. The work concludes with 'Forms of prayer and offices of devotion for the use of families, and for private persons in various frames of mind or circumstances of life.' All these forms are extremely well adapted

to the several conditions of Christians for which they are intended.

Upon the whole, as it is equally necessary to touch the heart as to inform the understanding, in order more effectually to carry religion into practice, the candid reader must acknowledge that this work is peculiarly and happily adapted to answer those important purposes.

ART. XI. *The execrable Practice of buying and selling of Livings, &c. commonly called Simony: in a Sermon preached at a Visitation, held by the Rev. Thomas D'Oyly, L.L.D. Arch-Deacon of Lewes. Proper to be read by all ecclesiastic and lay Persons concerned in so iniquitous a Practice. By John Nicholl, A. M. Vicar of West-ham, Suffex. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Fletcher.*

THIS sermon appears to have been written by a very well-meaning man, with an excellent design to extirpate from amongst us a crime, that is of late years become almost universal, that of buying and selling of ecclesiastical preferments: most certain it is, that three parts in four of the livings in England are disposed of in this manner; the patrons in general, no longer considering the benefices in their gift as trusts reposed in them, but as part of their estate, which they have a right to make the most of in the same manner as they do their lands and tenements. The author of the discourse before us seems to lay the greatest part of the blame on the buyer, and harangues in a very confused and disagreeable stile on the nature of the oath against simony. He observes 'that the oath or paction in which it is comprehended is not the primary and only reason, which makes "buying of spiritual and ecclesiastical functions, or livings," sinful; but the sinfulness of buying and selling them is the reason why the oath was made, as a means to prevent what was before, and is in itself always "execrable before God." Therefore, if there be any thing contained in the reason of forming the obligation into the words of an oath, tho' not explicit enough in the usual meaning of the words themselves, nor deducible from them; the reason itself remains as obligatory as if clearly and fully expressed. For the utmost caution in the choice of proper expressions cannot preclude all ambiguity.—This shews how trifling and infirm the common subterfuge of simonists is, appealing to the letter of the oath, as if the whole obligation lay in the words; not considering the reason previous to the making this oath; which is clear and plain against all artifice, and equivocating constructions.—Insisting upon the bare letter of the oath, and constructing it as

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conceived,

conceived, not against the sin, but the word simony, is the craft of a cunning, prevaricating clerk: but finding out the will of his lord, and lawgiver, and acquiescing in his authority, is the province and character of a sincere minister of Christ.

‘ In order to see (says our author) in a full light, the reason why “ the buying of spiritual and ecclesiastical functions, &c. or of livings,” is a sin, antecedent to, and abstracted from, the oath itself,—it will be necessary to look into the crime of the person, from whom it took its name. “ His offering money to the apostles to have this power—that—on whomsoever he laid his hands, he might receive the holy ghost,” was what St. Peter pronounced execrable—“ To perdition be thy money with thee;” for this reason, “ because he thought the gift of God might be purchased with money.”

‘ It is evident from hence, that paying of money, or offering of any reward, or promising any gratuity for any of the gifts of God, as for holy orders, or for the power of administering about any of them, as the purchasing the privilege of any holy function, is bribery, and the sin call simony.—Wherefore, not only going into holy orders, but “ the procuring and obtaining any ecclesiastical dignity, place, &c. or living,” where, by virtue of such orders the ministerial office is to be discharged,—must be clear of all appearance, and even suspicion of payment of money, contract, or promise, or it will not be clear of the sin. It therefore highly concerns every person, as well before he be preferred or promoted, as before he be ordained, to take special care, that he gives or promises nor money nor premium, by himself or order; which is direct simony: but also to use his utmost endeavours to satisfy himself, that none has been given or promised by any other person in favour of him. For should he be conscious that something has been given, &c. though he be not certain as to the sum,—or that an incumbrance is laid upon the grant, though kept concealed from him till he be put in actual possession; he is so far as an accessory, *post factum*, guilty of indirect simony, and, in event, by the oath he has taken, forsworn:—nor will an honest design of receiving preferments in such a corrupt manner, though against or without the consent of the presentee, he being privy or sensible it was purchased for his secular advantage, discharge him from the guilt. And whosoever is known, or suspected, to come at preferment by indirect and sinister means, loses the character, authority, and influence of a sincere minister of Christ, let him be ever so well esteemed for his parts and qualifications, as to learning and ability. He ought therefore to exonerate himself of the simoniacal incumbrance,

brance, by throwing up his preferment for the ease of his conscience, and the salvation of his soul.'

We are apt to think that in spite of all the good advice here given to the simonist, Mr. Nicholl will find it very difficult to persuade any of his reverend brethren to give up their preferments for the ease of their conscience. Necessity is so powerful a plea with most of our indigent divines, that it is very apt to lull the voice of conscience, and sometimes, perhaps, to drown it intirely. Mr. Nicholl, notwithstanding, is of opinion, 'that any person going into holy orders with an entire view to the emolument and temporal advantages annexed to the priesthood—induced thereunto by his own or friend's money or interest, or relation, and not by a regular education for that purpose, nor by a call and love for the service of Christ, and the salvation of souls,—and not conscious that he has such "qualities as are requisite for the same," incurs the guilt of this sin.'

This with all due deference to Mr. Nicholl, we cannot help considering as too severe a sentence, which would involve half the clergy of the kingdom in the sin of perjury. He goes on to observe, that 'it is no justification to say, 'tis a custom, and practice to obtain presentations and nominations to preferments, &c. by such and such methods as the laws of the land do not prohibit. Custom may prescribe wrong, and then ought to be over-ruled in the court of conscience, and laws may be deficient in these respects. And, whatever a bad practice may at any time seem to countenance, it is however essential to the profession and office of Christian ministers, not to use bribery or corruption of any sort in such cases. And "we ought to obey God rather than men," let the event be what it will—Some may make this trifling excuse, that they would not have purchased, had they been sure of being otherwise provided for: others may alledge, they cannot live without a proper maintenance obtained in this manner, as they were brought up to no secular profession,—or, if they were, finding themselves not qualified to get a livelihood in that capacity, go into orders for that very purpose. He that will make no conscience of this, will make no conscience of taking the oath against Simony. These are the priests after the order which Simon Magus would have instituted, "whose godliness was gain, and end destruction."

But let us hear what our author says to the patrons of livings.

'The Simoniac cleric (says he) takes the oath, and is actually perjured; and the patron, who sells, though he takes no oath, and thinks himself at present only subject to the forfeiture of the next turn, is in the same execrable case, and liable to the same punishment hereafter, as the person corruptly presented.

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For the obligation against Simony does not originally, as I observed, arise from the oath against it, as if the patron, who takes no oath, has greater liberty to sell than the clerk, who is to take the oath, has to buy; which is, as if there was no oath there would be no obligation on either side. But the sin of selling, as well as buying, or orders or livings, or their appendages, is to be dreaded at all times, as well by the lay as the ecclesiastical person, sworn or not sworn, the obligation against both being in its own nature perpetual, and indispensable by human laws, and not voidable by any toleration or evasion whatever.

But waving what could be further said concerning the sin of some collusive and iniquitous methods of selling or conveying or exchanging benefices, &c. where every one may be understood to be guilty of the contents of the oath against Simony, whenever he becomes an instrument in any sense by which it is broke: —And though it be not affected and gross perjury, or the same degree of sin, it is the same sin as Simony.

‘ I would, before I conclude, recommend this to the serious consideration of patrons, &c. that they would inspect the character of every clergyman whom they are to present or nominate; as learning and knowledge, industry and integrity, sobriety, and seriousness, affection and zeal, for the Christian religion, are required in the ministers of God. Every patron is so far concerned in the salvation of the parishioners, as he has the power of chusing a fit and able minister to officiate. And therefore, if he makes choice of a clerk, without having any regard to his qualifications as a minister of Christ, but merely out of favor or personal affection, or because the presentee, or his friend, has been, or may be, of service to his secular interest, or may be expected to make a return of something equivalent to his estimation of such a presentation,—the sins of the parishioners, which could have been prevented by the doctrine, preaching, and example of a more orthodox, pious, and Christian incumbent, will be chargeable, before God, on the patron. For he who has it in his power to prevent a malady, should he suffer it to spread, when he could have stopped the infection, may be deemed to communicate it so far as it is increased by his neglect. So that the guilt of a great many vices in a parish arising from the want of an able and worthy minister, will be placed to the patron’s account, suffering them to grow under the hands of an empiric.’

After all, the sin of Simony, in our opinion, is much more venial in the poor clergy than in the rich patrons; for, if no preferments are to be got but by purchase, which is at present very nearly the case, what are the clergy to do? As things now stand, there is but one wretched alternative for them, either to

buy livings of the great, or to sacrifice their honour and integrity, and debase their characters, by mean servility and adulation : and which is the honestest man, he who gives his money for an independent maintenance, or he who sells his conscience, or, perhaps, his country, to obtain one ?

Mr. Nicholl's discourse is, as our readers will easily perceive, but indifferently written : we could wish to see a subject, in its nature so interesting and important, treated by some abler hand.

ART. XII. *A Treatise on Ruptures.* By Percival Pott, Senior Surgeon of St. Bartholemew's Hospital. *The Second Edition, altered, corrected, and improved.* 8vo. Pr. 3s. Hitch.

IN the Critical Review for the month of July, 1756, we gave an account of the work, which Mr. Pott, in this new edition, has improved and extended. He owns, with candour, that, in the first edition, 'were many faults, some of the press, and some of the author ;' and that he has altered, corrected, and added to it, where the matter was obscure, erroneous, or deficient. He has added one whole section, consisting of thirty-four pages, (viz. sect. x.) on the congenial rupture, in which he treats briefly of the disorder itself, referring his readers to two treatises of his own, formerly published on the same subject. The principal part of the section consists of his dispute with Dr. Hunter relating to the congenial rupture, of which some notice has been taken in the Critical Review for the month of March, 1757, art. 15. and for the month of May, 1757, art. 45. In the present work he alledges that he is unjustly accused of plagiarism from Haller. 'To save the reader's time, says he, and to cut short this part of the dispute, I do aver, that I never had seen, read, or heard of the book in either language, till some time after the publication of my pamphlet on that subject : I therefore did not, nor could, borrow any part of the contents, either of that or of my former treatise from it.—But setting aside whatever pretension I may have to be believed upon my bare assertion, is it probable that, if I had stolen my opinion from the baron's book, that I should have given so short, so imperfect, and, indeed, so erroneous an account of what he had so fully explained, or at least so clearly pointed out ? If I had taken my account of the descent of the testicles from thence, why did I not also learn from thence the reason why the intestines and testicle are sometimes found in the same sacculus ? One of these facts was as much the subject of my enquiry at that time as the other ; and in the *Opuscula Pathologica* (the book al-

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luded to) are both of them satisfactorily accounted for, and made to illustrate each other. Why should I call the case related by Mr. Sharp a *lusus naturæ*? Why steal only one half of Haller's discovery? Why not avail myself thoroughly of the plagiarism by giving a true solution of the appearance, shewing that it was not a *lusus naturæ*, nor produced by what Mr. Sharp and Dr. Hunter had thought was the cause of it, but by the intestine being pushed into the open tunica vaginalis. All this is in the same chapter of the same book; from this book Dr. Hunter and his brother derived all their knowledge of both these subjects; and this book (if I had read it) must have informed me of both, as certainly as of one. Is Haller's account of one more plain and intelligible than of the other? Or is it likely that I should read only what related to one, and not what related to the other, when they were not only in the same chapter and page, but equally parts of the subject I was then enquiring into?

He informs us that he was led to the discovery of the congenial rupture, by a passage in Lagaranne, a French author; and denies his having learned any thing relative to this subject from Dr. Hunter or his brother; his papers having been finished and corrected for the press, and not a single syllable altered, in consequence of his visit to Mr. Hunter. Through the whole he complains of the treatment he has received from Dr. H. and excuses and vindicates his own conduct. We cannot take upon us to decide on the merits of this dispute: thus much, however, we may be allowed to observe, that, when we read Dr. Hunter's account of the controversy, we were of opinion, that Mr. Pott would think himself obliged to make some reply; he has done it in the present work; and we imagine that Dr. Hunter is now under the same necessity.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 13. *An Essay on the Means of discharging the Public Debt; in which the Reasons for instituting a National Bank, and disposing of the Forest Lands, are more fully considered. With a Method proposed of raising Money to answer the Expences of any future War, without creating new Funds. By the Author of the Proposal for establishing a National Bank.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Payne.

THE plan upon which this author proposes a national bank is, that its notes shall not be payable for less than 100 *l.* 'That all notes for 100 *l.* and upwards, for every 50 *l.* over and above 100 *l.* shall entitle the bearer to receive the same on demand,

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with interest at the rate of two per cent, if it has remained one year from the date; and the same rate of interest for every six months over and above one year that such note shall remain unpaid. But that no interest shall be allowed on any note, for any time less than one year from the date; nor for any fraction of time less than six months afterwards; nor for any fraction of money less than 50*l.* over and above 100*l.* That the public revenue shall be repositied in this bank as at present in the exchequer, and that the officers of the revenue shall be obliged to receive its notes as cash. That the commissioners of the treasury shall not be allowed to draw for above '500,000*l.* more than the receipt on account of the public revenue may have brought into the bank at the time.' That thirty-six gentlemen of estates be appointed directors, twenty-four to act, and twelve to go out and come in, by rotation. The present offices of the exchequer to cease, but the officers to be employed in this bank, and the accounts of the bank to be audited yearly by the house of commons.

Such are the great out-lines of this momentous proposal, which sets aside the present bank of England, whose privileges determine on the 1st of August, 1764. The author thinks that, by adding the sinking fund to this bank, the granting a profit of two per cent. for money payable on demand (which will encourage foreigners to lodge their money in it), and by the saving of one per cent. the difference now paid, and that to be paid by this bank, all the purposes he mentions in his title page will be finally answered. The essayist then proceeds to prove how far the scheme is practicable and beneficial to the nation, which he does in a manner extremely satisfactory and clear; at least, upon paper. That part of his reasoning regarding forest lands we think is unanswerable, and, we imagine, might admit of more good consequences than our author has thought fit to lay down. He is a friend to a general excise; and he seems to think that the prepossessions formerly entertained against it were unjust.

Upon the whole, this writer appears to be completely master of his subject, the nature of which admits of no extracts. We can say no more as to a scheme, of which the legislature are the sole judges, but that we have often seen upon signs and advertisements, *This is the old shop*. And though we do not condemn a proposal for removing the trade to another house, yet we are a little apprehensive that the experiment may be dangerous, especially as *the old house* has carried on so much business, and with so good a set of customers, as those it has at present.

Art. 14. *The Case of the County of Devon, with respect to the Consequences of the new Excise Duty on Cyder and Perry. Published by the Direction of the Committee appointed at a general Meeting of that County to superintend the Application for the Repeal of that Duty.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Johnston.

This pamphlet, as appears from its title page, is published under a great authority, that of the persons who are chiefly to be affected by the tax complained of, and therefore it is but rational to suppose that it contains every argument of weight for its repeal. It differs from other performances on the same subject by its containing the sentiments of all the cyder proprietors of, perhaps, the most considerable county in England for that product.

The author or authors endeavour to make it appear, 'upon the fullest and strictest examination, that this tax is exorbitant, unequal, partial; that it must terminate in the gradual extirpation of the very products on which it is laid, and in its progress towards it involve in ruin many of his majesty's most useful subjects; that it must, in the county of Devon at least, and its neighbouring counties, greatly reduce the value and yearly income of the landed property, which certainly could not have been intended by the legislature; that the severe restraints and arbitrary methods of decision, introduced by the excise laws, together with the most disagreeable and vexatious visits of excise officers, are hereby extended to the private houses and families of every landholder who makes cyder or perry, and is above the degree of a cottager, and a precedent thereby established, which will effectually authorise and justify every future extension of those laws, without exception, which shall hereafter be devised or proposed, until the excise become the general method of collecting the revenue throughout the kingdom.'

In proving all those allegations, the reader meets with a great deal of curious information concerning cyder-making, which, we suppose, is well known to all the manufacturers of that delicious beverage, and can be of little use to any one else, though extremely pertinent to the subject in hand. In this pamphlet the public is undeceived as to a prevailing notion, that cyder was the only drink in Devonshire. The authors say, that it appears from the accounts of the malt-tax laid before the house of commons, for the last seven years, the produce of that tax in the county of Devon was superior to that of most of the other counties, and exceeded only by that of the counties of York and Middlesex. As to the other calculations and arguments stated in this pamphlet, they seem all to be very fair; and, being dispassionately, though very acutely, urged, no doubt have had

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their proper effect in prevailing upon the government to consider the consequences of every part of the act; and therefore it would be highly improper for us to pass any farther opinion upon a case addressed from so respectable, to so august, a body.

Art. 15. *Some Plain Reasons for a Repeal of the late Cyder Act. Dedicated to every Man who pays Taxes, and particularly to the Hon. G—— T——d, M. P. for N——k, and to G—— A——d, Esq. M. P. for B——ple in Dev——re.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Whiston and White.

Were it not for its small price of *six-pence*, we should imagine this pamphlet to be a catch-penny. Be that as it will, it is a poor but passionate performance, and whoever reads the preceding pamphlet can find neither entertainment or information in perusing this.

Art. 16. *An Essay on Paper Circulation, and a Scheme proposed for supplying the government with Twenty Millions, without any Loan or new Tax.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

This very sensible writer seems to establish his plan upon a maxim of the great Mr. Locke, which is, that the fewer intermediate agents, or what we commonly call brokers, there are between the manufacturer and the consumer, it is the better for trade. He considers all private banking as so much brokerage, and proposes a scheme for supplying the government with several millions annually, for two or three years, without any loan or new tax. The ground-plan of this scheme, we think, is a little awkward, and not answerable to that fund of good sense which is displayed in the other parts of the pamphlet; but the reader shall judge for himself.

‘ Let it be moved in the house of commons, to issue and circulate a million in bills or notes upon the credit of parliament, without allowing any interest upon them, or without the aid of the Bank, by appointing an office where those notes should be paid upon demand. If the motion is approved of by the majority of the two houses, and the bill passes into a law, the circulation of the notes may be effected in the following manner.

‘ Let six or more commissioners be chosen by ballot, by the house of commons exclusively, to have the direction and management of the whole circulation. Let those commissioners, after they have been confirmed by the king, hire the large empty apartments above the Royal Exchange for their office; and when they have fitted them up in a proper manner, and are ready to issue out their notes, let the new establishment be then

then published to the world by two boards, one fronting the street, and the other the inner square of the Exchange, with the following title in large capitals :

THE BANK OF THE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT
BRITAIN.

' The apartments above the Royal Exchange may serve for two years, when the charter of the Bank will expire ; and as that charter ought never to be renewed, the company, upon being dissolved, will probably be glad to sell their house to the government.'

Though this author's money-system is plausible, yet we apprehend that it is not quite new ; and we are of opinion that, if we ever shall have a government with courage sufficient to act on the bottom of parliamentary faith alone, which, as this author observes, is the real foundation of public credit, there may be a very great reduction of the national expence.

Art. 17. *An Address to Sir John Cust, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons ; in which the Characters of Lord Bute, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wilkes, appear in a new Light. By the Author of the Letters signed Scipio Americanus, in the Gazetteer.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Gretton.

Had this pamphlet appeared towards the beginning of the present political disputes, it might have been termed shrewd and sensible ; but the subject is now exhausted, and the author has no greater merit than bundling up, into the form of a pamphlet, intermixed with a great deal of declamation (which ought to go for nothing on all sides), the arguments that have been again and again urged, with greater force of reasoning, in favour of the present and late ministry. It is our duty to detect and discourage plagiarisms, on whatever side they are committed, and we shall always give as little quarter to the ministerial as to the antiministerial party.

Art. 18. *An Address to Honest English Hearts, being an honest Countryman's Reflections on the Cyder Tax, the Commitment of Mr. Wilkes, the late Treaty of Peace, and the present Opposition.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Fletcher.

This author, who prefixes a long motto from his own pamphlet to his own pamphlet, very possibly is himself an honest English heart, and an honest countryman ; but we cannot think that, as a zealous advocate for the ministry, he has advanced many new arguments in their defence, or that he is extremely happy either as to stile or reasoning. Notwithstanding this,

he has said some shrewd things. He observes, that, by making peace we saved fifteen millions, or more, which another year's war would have cost us; the interest of which would have amounted to 900,000*l.* a sum which, he says, is nearly equal to what is levied by a land-tax of two shillings in the pound. Had this honest English heart been united to a good political head, he might have challenged the opposers of the ministry, to shew how it was possible (as matters in America were then circumstanced) for us to have made conquests during one or two campaigns, that would have indemnified us for the twentieth part of the sums they must have cost us.

A few days or weeks will prove whether the author's observations upon the cyder act are just or not, and about the same time the affairs relating to Mr. Wilkes, which are now depending in parliament, must be discussed likewise. In the mean time, this countryman, as usual, we perceive, takes every thing for granted that he finds in the news papers, and reasons upon it accordingly, which, we are afraid, leads him sometimes to err in points of fact. He found an opinion of a lord chief justice, and a conference between Mr. Pitt and his majesty printed, and therefore the common proverb came into his head, *It is as true as print*. Some of his neighbours too, who possibly had lately come from London, have told him an anecdote or two, and they were too honest to lye, and too sensible to mistake. We cannot entirely agree with the countryman about the validity of the warrant by which Mr. Wilkes was committed, and we wish sincerely that the public heats and animosities, which his case have occasioned, may subside, and that authors on both sides would observe a due temper, when they treat of matters that are *sub judice*.

With regard to the other matters contained in this voluminous pamphlet, they are, in general, very fairly represented, and we look upon the performance as a good common-place book for the present political disputes, and may be of use to a hardy declamatory champion for the ministry. Notwithstanding this, we should be glad of a little information from the countryman, especially when he tells us (speaking of the late peace) 'another very considerable article in our favour is the renunciation which the two branches of the house of Bourbon have made of the alliance they dignified with the name of the Family Compact.' We have carefully looked over the definitive treaty, and can find no such renunciation, either virtually or expressly stipulated; nor do we believe, had it been both, that it would have signified (to use the common expression) *half a brass farthing in our favour*.

Art. 19. *An Appendix to the Review of Mr. Pitt's Administration.*
By the Author of the Review. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Almon.

There is not, in all the republic of letters, a more easy department than that of an historical reviewer, writing for a party, especially if it is in the opposition. Such a writer may be equipped for his trade at any of the circulating-libraries. All he has to do is to borrow a history of the times, half a dozen political pamphlets, which, though the public has thrown them by, like old almanacs, answer his purpose as well, if not better, than new ones, and then, having stocked himself with a convenient number of lies and misrepresentations, sit down to write. The author of the work before us is one of the greatest adepts in this practice of any we have observed. He can say to his brother-authors as the broom-selling boy said to one of his fraternity, who was surprized that he should under-sell him; "for, said he, I steal all my materials, and make the brooms myself." "You simple son of a b——h, replied the other, I steal my brooms ready made."

To be serious: This author, like the young culprit, may be said to have stole his review, ready made, from Dr. Smollett's Continuation of the History of England, only, like those wretches who sometimes kidnap children, he has, in many places, endeavoured to mangle and disfigure the workmanship of the original author, in order to elude any claim that might be entered against him by the natural parent. Thus much for the matter in general. With regard to the manner of its execution, we have no objection to his loading Mr. Pitt and his administration with all the glaring colours of praise and adulation. Let not our over-nice reader think that the expression *loading with a colour* is an absurd metaphor; for this author has given it propriety by his trowel, which has bedaubed his patron with such a quantity, as must certainly make him uneasy under its weight; but, as Critical Reviewers, we have a right to wish he had paid some regard to his readers.

This wretched transcriber of other men's works is a standing proof at once of the folly and madness of this kingdom in their rage after political publications. The specious title of his Review had so far imposed on the public, that he was encouraged to this Appendix, in which he sets out with reviewing his own Review; in quoting stale wretched party pamphlets, of which, very probably, he himself was the author; of vindicating his patron in the opposition he made to the late peace, and his behaviour at the celebrated private conference between him and

his m——y. Lest we should seem too severe, we shall present our readers with a specimen of this scribbler's knowledge of courts and the world. To prove that his majesty took in good part all that had passed between him and Mr. Pitt at the said conference, he gives the following very notable anecdote.

' On the Wednesday subsequent to the last conference with which his majesty honoured Mr. Pitt, lord Temple and Mr. Pitt went to St. James's, to pay their duty to his majesty, they were both received in the most gracious manner; and his majesty, in the most obliging terms, said to Mr. Pitt, "*I hope, Sir, you have not suffered by standing so long on Monday.*" Would his majesty been so complaisant to Mr. Pitt, if he had behaved with that insolence which the defenders of Mr. George Grenville have repeatedly represented ?'

This is a very conclusive argument for proving his majesty's approbation of Mr. Pitt's demands; as if the bodily infirmities of a person who had the honour to be admitted to his majesty might not be hinted at with that politeness and humanity by which our amiable Sovereign is so justly distinguished; or, as if political affairs and personal infirmities were to be blended and regarded as the same.

Art. 20. *A Letter to the Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs; dedicated to the Hon. the House of Commons: Containing an Account of the Detection of the Frauds at the Custom-house, which had been successfully carried on for Years, by false Affirmations (Perjury) and their very remarkable Punishment: Some curious Queries and Letters to the Right Hon. the Lords of the Treasury, and George Grenville, Esq. with a Memorial on the Occasion, presented to the Right Hon. the Lords of the Treasury, drawn by Mr. Philipps, who managed the Printers Cause, and that of John Wilkes, Esq. against Robert Wood, Esq. Under Secretary of State. Very proper for the Perusal of every Gentleman who would represent the true State of any Affair, and not follow the dull lifeless Forms and Precedents of Law. By William Stewardson. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Sold by the Author.*

This same Mr. Stewardson is very angry at the government for not coming up to his full price as an informer, but has the grace to close his stupid pamphlet with an extract from Dr. Herring's sermon, preached at York, the 22d of September, 1745, the perusal of which we heartily recommend to the reader, especially as it is comprehended in the two last pages, which may exempt him from the pain of dipping into any other part of the pamphlet.

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Art. 21. *A select Collection of the most interesting Letters on the Government, Liberty, and Constitution of England; which have appeared in the different News Papers from the Elevation of Lord Bute to the Death of the Earl of Egremont. With all the Authentic Papers relative to the North Briton, and the Case of Mr. Wilkes; and the Letters between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Allen. Carefully examined and corrected. Vol. III. 12mo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Almon.*

We have already * given our opinion upon the two first volumes of this work, and we find no reason to retract it; but justice and candour oblige us to acknowledge, that the author of the Contrast, a series of papers contained in this volume, is a far more tolerable writer than any who appeared in the former.

Art. 22. *The Redemption: A Poetical Essay. By John Hey, M. A. Fellow of Sidney-Suffex College, Cambridge. 4to. Pr. 1s. Beecroft.*

This poem gained Mr. Seaton's prize at Cambridge, and is printed in pursuance of that gentleman's will, a circumstance which acquits the author of all suspicion of vanity in the publication. Mr. Hey seems to have taken a great deal of pains in the composition of it, and, by a laborious diligence, to have rendered it rather too argumentative and metaphysical to be agreeable. There is more reasoning than poetry in it: almost every-thing which has been offered by our most eminent divines in favour of revelation, the external and internal evidence of it, the propriety of the Christian sacrifice, the objections raised against it, with a long train of pro's and con's, are here introduced. To adorn a subject so unpoetical with Parnassian flowers, and express such sentiments in pleasing numbers, is a task which Milton himself would, perhaps, have failed in the execution of. We are not, therefore, at all surpris'd, that the perusal of this poem gave us very little pleasure; but we will give our readers a specimen of the author's manner—Speaking of the Holy Ghost, he says,

— — — — — ‘ the Spirit of God
From heav’n descending, dwells in dome of clay;
In mode far passing human thought, he guides,
Impells, instructs: intense pursuit of good
And cautious flight of evil he suggests,
But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
His heav’nly voice, we must have done his will:

* See page 396 of this Volume.

Such dictates only *Liberty* obeys;
 Th' *undoubted* voice of heav'n a guide unapt
 For beings now experienc'd in ill,
 And doom'd to walk the wild, perplexing paths
 Of constant trial and uncertainty.'

This is sound and orthodox divinity, but is fitter for a sermon than a poem. Again, speaking of man's ignorance, our author says,

'Tell me the law whereby the earthquake's rage
 Instant o'erwhelms in ruin unforeseen
 The boasted monuments of human pride:
 Why the Volcano pours his liquid fire;
 Why Pestilence and Famine stalk the earth,
 And ravage uncontroll'd: th' unnumber'd laws
 Unfold, to which thou giv'st one empty name
 Of Chance. Shall these, vain man! elude thy search,
 Enacted for the ordinary course
 Of Nature's operations; and shalt thou
 Murmur at the obscurity of those
 Deriv'd from Exigency's latent springs?'

The *latent springs* of *Exigency*, and the *operations* of *Nature*, may be very good phrases in the pulpit, but appear extremely awkward in a poem. In like manner, also, when Mr. Hey says,

— 'let contention cease: wait we the hour,
 When all things shall arrive to that one point
 Whereto they have converg'd ere since the world
 Was first awak'd from chaos into life.
 When all the parts of this unfinish'd scheme
 Shall be compacted in one perfect whole.'

The advice is good; but *whereto they have converg'd*, how philosophical soever the term may be, is, as Polonius says, a vile phrase. Upon the whole, the author of this essay has proved himself a good divine but no poet.

Art. 23. *The Redemption: A Monody.* By Mr. Scott, Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge. 4to. Pr. 1s. Wilson and Fell.

Mr. Scott, as appears by his preface, was a candidate with Mr. Hey for Seaton's prize, and the poem before us rejected, as inferior to Mr Hey's. It is now published, the author informs us, not as an appeal to the public from the sentence of the judges (which, by the bye, was, we believe, after all, the true reason) but as it may afford half an hour's innocent *entertainment* to the reader.

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The affording entertainment is, perhaps, an expression rather improper for a poem on so serious a subject. With regard, however, to the poetical merit of this *monody*, we cannot help thinking it superior to Mr. Hey's essay, though it is by no means to be ranked amongst the best of Mr. Scott's performances. The following lines shew evident marks of taste and genius in the composer.

' But come, O virgin-muse of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breast inspire
With some faint sparks of that seraphic fire,
Whose beams refulgent glow'd,
When bursting thro' the womb
Of dark futurity, "A God, a God,"
Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n enlighten'd seer,
"From Bosrah lo he comes mighty to save,
Mighty to triumph o'er the grave!"—
And all the oaks of Bashan stoop'd to hear,
And Lebanon's attentive cedars bow'd.'

The angel's hymn is prettily introduced, and contains some very good lines, particularly the following.

' Then did the hills, then did the vales resound ;
The vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,
When Thou, in fleshly tabernacle shin'd,
Ganst pour the stream of blessings all around,
And brooding over teach thy helpless care,
As the fond eagle doth her young, to try
Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air
Assert the mansions in their native sky.
O goodly vine, beneath whose clustering boughs
The weary flocks repose !
O rose of Sharon ! O enclosure sweet
Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare !
Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the garden blow,
That all the soul-delighting scents may flow ;
And ye, O spirits of air,
Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
That angels may dissolve in raptures meet !'

The conclusion of this little poem is rather abrupt ; but the piece, upon the whole, considering the difficult nature of the subject, will reflect no disgrace on the ingenious author.

Art. 24. *The Jumble : A Satire. * Addressed to the Reverend Mr. C. Ch-rich-ll. 4to. Pr. 1s. Johnston.*

The *Jumble* is a strange title for a poem, and the lines are of a piece with it. The author sets out with telling us, that he intends

— — — — — ‘ to write
Plain, prose-like metre, honest and downright.’

This puts us in mind of

“ I Sylvester
Lay with your sister,
I Ben Johnson lay with your wife.”

That’s no rhyme, said Sylvester : no, reply’d old Ben, but it is true. Let Mr. Jumble apply. This piece is dedicated, it seems, to Mr. Churchill, whom our author satirizes for want of correctness and purity ; and then falls foul of him for abusing the actors in his *Rosciad*, on which theme thus sings our sweet and delicate bard,

— ‘ shall Genius stoop his tow’ring wing
So low, and of poor, reptile actors sing ?
Why not ? ere now, I’ve seen the gilded fly
On radiant plumes expanded, mount on high,
Then cowering seek the earth, and on my word,
The self-same fly has pitch’d upon a ———.
So ’tis with Genius, his unbounded flight
Is to no goal confin’d, of depth or height ;
He does whate’er he will, to him ’tis given
To dive to hell, to mount aloft to heaven :
Sounding he mounts aloft with mighty flutter,
Then sinks, and pores his nose into a gutter.
Come then, my Muse, away and seek the stage,
Prepare the scourge, with unrelenting rage
Chastise the servile race, till black and blue
Their private foibles are expos’d to view,
Tortur’d and mangled by poetic fury,
And damn’d to death without or judge or jury.’

No less elegant are these lines of Mr. *Jumble* on Mr. Wilkes.

‘ Who’ll say W-lk-s prints because he’s poor ? I’ll rise
And tell the frontless villain that he lies.
Who’ll say W-lk-s puffs, and toils, and sweats, because
W-lk-s want a place ? I’ll pluck him by the nose.
Who’ll say his patriotism is a farce,
A specious, sly pretence ? I’ll kick his ———.’

We

We must do Mr. Jumble the justice to acknowledge that there are some tolerable verses in his poem, amongst which these are, perhaps, the best.

‘ Can Satire e’er where Truth is not, reside ?
And doth she not still walk by Reason’s side ?
Is not meek Candour always in her train ?
And doth not Justice prompt her sacred strain ?
Doth she not with a noble pride still fly
Where Virtue waves her silver flag on high ?
Beneath her conduct steadily advance,
Still pointing against Vice her golden lance ?
Draws she the bow, and does the arrow fly,
Not to reform, but only to destroy ?
No ; let the *libeller* with pois’nous breath,
Like the vext madman, scatter fire and death :
Satire, to what vile Envy spies, is blind ;
The foe to vice, the friend to all mankind.’

The lines which follow on Good-nature are not amiss.

As this poem concludes with an address to the two *Reviews*, it would be very unpolite in us to pass it by unnoticed, especially as it has really more merit, with regard both to the numbers and sentiment, than any other part of this motley performance : hear, readers, how humbly he addresses and how prettily he rebukes us.

‘ Ye sage Reviewers, who in council sit,
Sole arbitrators of the prize of wit :
Who keep the literary world in awe
With iron rod, yourselves above the law :
Whose garrets, like some giant’s den of yore,
Are hung with wretch’s limbs, and stain’d with gore,
Ye wise and skilful *veterans*, who are sure
To know my stile, tho’ I ne’er wrote before :
By intuition wond’rous, at first sight,
Can tell that black is black, and white is white ;
Or if you please to shew your learned knack,
By rules, prove black is white, and white is black.’

The thought of comparing our garrets to the giant’s den is not without humour ; nor could we help smiling at

‘ Ah Thwackums ! may I hope your birchen rage
Will spare the breech of inexperience’d age ?’

But the author falls off miserably when he goes on thus ;

‘ Ah, may I hope, if down I prostrate fall,
And with you worship Ignorance, your Baal,

That

That she'll in pity influence your mind,
 (For sure she can) to be a little kind,
 One youngling bard for once to overlook,
 And not insert his faults in your black book?
 Or may I hope, if 'tis my luckless fate,
 Tho' all unwitting, to incur your hate,
 The critic sword that you'll with mercy draw,
 And cut my head off at a single blow ?'

The two last verses are dreadful indeed. Mr. *Jumble* must acknowledge, we hope, that we are not without some degree of candour, as we have fairly laid before our readers his severe sarcasms upon us. We are, indeed, so used to hard words from the

—— *genus irritabile vatum,*

that their *retort courteous* makes little or no impression upon us.

Art. 25. *The Blood-Hounds, a Politital Tale. Inscribed to the Earl of Bute.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Griffin.

A bloody-bad performance indeed ! It is an aukward blundering attempt to abuse the opposition, and to compliment lord Bute in as doggrel rhyme as ever disgraced the advocates for either party. Let not our readers take our words for it. The author characterises the late peace as follows :

' *His system peace ; so unconfin'd*
It breath'd—" the good of all mankind :
One universal charity :"
 Obvious, the means : humane, the ends :
 All Christendom *at once* were friends :
 Behold a Christian rarity !'

The whole of this performance is equally execrable.

Art. 26. *Folly, a Satire on the Times. Written by a Fool, and younger Brother to Tristram Shandy.* 4to. Pr. 2s. Pridden.

The antients had a proverb, *Videre vult, et est stultus*. We can assure our readers that the title of this satire is by no means an imposture. It abuses the Scotch, rails at lord Bute, and praises Mr. Pitt in as precious strains of folly as any man would wish to read.

Art. 27. *The Priest in Rhyme : A doggrel Versification of Kidgell's Narrative, relative to the Essay on Woman. By a Member of Parliament, a Friend to Mr. Wilkes, and to Liberty.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Gretton.

A good doggrel parody, with some humour, but very little meaning ; because, if the publication of Mr. Kidgell's pamphlet was

was imprudent or immoral, all attempts to propagate that publication are doubly so; and ridicule often serves only to whet curiosity.

Art. 28. *An Essay on Woman, in Three Epistles.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Gretton.

This is a rhyming attempt at a parody upon Pope's Essay on Man; from which the few lines or sentiments that have any merit in them, are borrowed.

Art. 29. *Mundus Muliebris: Or, An Essay on Woman.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Jackson.

This is an imitation of Pope's Essay on Man, in doggrel rhimes. See the last article.

Art. 30. *An Essay on Woman. A Poem. By J. W. Senator. With Notes by the Bishop of G.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Freeman.

A third Essay on Woman! Vigorous authors, were your abilities equal to your inclinations, and were not your impotence as despicable as your ends are mercenary. The author of this essay writes in blank verse, and attempts to put his performance off, as being the original which has made so much noise in the world; but he is abusive, illiberal, and indecent, without the smallest pretence to excite even curiosity.

Art. 31. *An Essay on Woman. The Fourth Epistle. With Explanatory Notes.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Seymour.

A most wretched sequel to a most wretched pamphlet, which we have already mentioned; impure and immodest.

Art. 32. *Patriotism! A Farce. As it is acted by his Majesty's Servants.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Nicoll.

This *thing* appears to be written in favour of the ministry, but is void of every character that can entitle it to a reading.

Art. 33. *The British Coffee-house. A Poem.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

On seeing this poem advertised we were afraid that some rhyming fool had taken it into his head to satirise the person who keeps this coffee-house, and the company that frequents it. We were deceived. The author's abilities in poetry does not even qualify him for the very lowest and most detestable of all offices, that of abuse.

Art. 34. *The Plain Truth : Being a Genuine Narrative of the Methods made Use of to procure a Copy of the Essay on Woman. With several Extracts from the Work itself, given as a Specimen of its astonishing Impurity. By Thomas Farmer, Printer, into whose Hands the Original Copy accidentally fell. 4to. Pr. 1s. Pottinger.*

We do not doubt of Mr. Farmer's veracity, and the less, because we have not heard that his narrative, which contains allegations that, if not true, might be easily disproved, has been yet contradicted; probably because they are very unimportant. As to the narrative itself, it is no more than an unmeaning appendix to its appendix, which we wish had been spared.

Art. 35. *A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Robert Cruttenden, Esq. (who departed this Life June 23, 1763, aged 73 Years) Preached at Mile's Lane, on Lord's Day, August 7. To which are added, several poetical Composures, by the Deceased. By William Porter. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Field.*

This sermon is dedicated, in the stile of the conventicle, to the church of Christ meeting on Lord's Day morning at Mile's Lane, Cannon-Street. It is a mighty poor performance, containing neither weight of argument, or dignity of sentiment and expression: the language is, in many parts, neither English nor grammar, and abounds with vulgar phrases, very unfit for a discourse delivered from the pulpit. Mr. Porter tells us, that the people of the Lord (we suppose he means the elect) have no rest but in his bosom, or when *dandled upon his knee*; and a little after, speaking of the redemption, says, that God parted with his *top jewel*, his only Son, and bruised him. At the end of the sermon he informs us that, '*dying work is dreadful work, without an interest in redeeming love; but let others dying be our living work, and let this comfort us in dying, that it is only resigning work on our parts, and receiving work on the Lord's.*'

By which short specimen our readers will see that Mr. Porter's *work* is a vile *work*, and not worth reading.

Art. 36. *A Modest Apology for the Conduct of a certain Reverend Gentleman in a late Excursion : With an infallible Plan for removing all future Animosity between the English and Scotch, by an eminent Hand. To which is added, an Extraordinary Card upon a very Extraordinary Occasion. 4to. Pr. 1s. Burnet.*

This is one of the miserable vermin that now crawls from the dunghil of party disputes. Its impotent abuse seems to be levelled against Messrs. Churchill and Wilkes. The author appears to be a true hackney prostitute, ready to toss up, cross or pile, upon which side of the question he shall write.



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